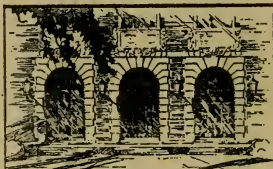


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IN THE PRESS,

By the same Author,

BATH; A SATIRICAL NOVEL,

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BRIGHTON;

OR,

The Steyne.

A SATIRICAL NOVEL.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

Chaque age a ses plaisirs, son esprit et ses mœurs. BOILEAU.

LE CARACTERE, cette Vie de la Vie, est a l'esprit comme les vents sont a notre lac, dont la surface limpide me paroitroit bien ennuyeuse, malgre tous les beaux paysages dont elle me renvoie le tableau, si je ne la voyois pas quelquefois en mouvement : ainsi le caractere donne a l'esprit, je dirois meme aux vertus, des formes toujours nouvelles et toujours piquantes. MADAME NECKER.

"with regard to the characters, the painter well knows that when he is sketching the personages of history, or the creatures of his imagination, the lineaments with which he is most familiar will sometimes almost involuntarily rise beneath the touch of his pencil."

PREFACE to "GLENARVON." 4th Edition.

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THE STEYNE.

CHAPTER I.

THE peer called home to change, *not his habits*, but his *habit*; and, glittering in the magnificent attire of a Castilian nobleman, with his trusty blade on his thigh, he threw a large cloak over him, and started for the masquerade. The moment he arrived, he was joined by his frail fair friends, jostled by dozens of others, of the same class, and easily discovered. Indeed, he

cared very little for disguise ; and, at last, walked about with his mask in his hand. He was soon attacked by Madame ——, who, in spite of the pecuniary service rendered her, was so stung with envy at seeing other fair ones patronized by him, that she launched out into the loudest abuse of him ; and, rudely brushing by him, pushed his sword away with disdain, exclaiming in the language of the stage, “ that a Toledo ! pish ”—with the utmost scorn and derision.

At the masquerade, Lord H. was soon joined by the following characters. Sir W. —— disguised as a Jew, by which he was immediately found out ; Sir J. —— in the character of Mr. Nobody, a very *natural*

representation ; Mr. ——— habited as a pirate, which he played to the life ; Sir G—— W——, as a *Greek* soldier, very well indeed ; G—— C—— as a descendant of the *Huns*, the family likeness was striking ; Mr. C—— in the character of Romeo, was thought more like the poor apothecary ; Lady ———, representing a love-sick maniac, had something very *romantic* in her appearance ; General B——, a warrior in armour, not a bit like the thing represented ; G—— R——, a servant out of place, very so so ; the Marquis of ———, as a cupid, shockingly unlike, and antiquated ! General De G——, as a sultan, too decrepid for the part ; Rev. Mr. ——— in the costume of a stage dancer, was mistaken for his

wife ; Lord R——, as a herald, was, by every one, taken for a twopenny post-man ; Lady T—— in the disguise of a coachman, it was considered no disguise at all ; Lady E——, a Venus, she over-acted the part ; C—— L——, as a poet, was turned out for mad ; W—— P——, as Benedict, the married man, a bad representation ; Lady V——, as a virgin of the sun, caused great laughter ; Lady J——, as my grandmother, drew great notice ; Lord M——y was a stupid domino.

Then followed a legion of unmasked flower-girls, gipseys, and maid-servants, or rather women-servants, of his lordship's acquaintance. But before we proceed further with the events of the masquerade, it may be here more

in place, to give a few biographical sketches of those exquisites and elegants, fashionables and frail ones, which seemed to take the lead on this occasion.

SIR W. VERMINPYE.

“ ’Tis manners make the man, the want of it the fellow ;
The rest is all but leather and prunella.”

Manners did *make* the man, whose short character we draw ; but this fact is only an additional and incontestable proof, added to many others, that *le nom n’y fait rien*. It is the name which proves him nothing ; because when looking up to a Marquis of —,

and a virtuous Duke of —, we find, amongst the living and the dead, such huge dissimilarity, as to prove that the name cannot sanction the nullity of its possessor.

In a strain of severity, we might well oppose the bravery, the mildness, the submission to the will of Providence, the hospitality, the liberality, the good neighbourship, the excellent quality of landlord and private gentleman, denuded of titles and armorial distinctions, to the narrowness of pride, the litigiousness, the unpopularity of this possessor of *manors*, an individual actually wanting common *manners*.

In this subaltern branch of an illustrious house, which we forbear men-

tioning, but which perhaps may appear obvious to as mean a capacity as its possessor's to whom we allude, a rare love of money, consequence, and distinction, seem to have prevailed; yet modesty, popularity, and good name, were the only means of supporting a new title grafted on a tree which once bore far different fruit.

Of annuities, money-lending, hard bargains, and hard landlords' tricks, we shall say nothing; but only quote one trifling instance of *well-judged wit*, and *transcendent hospitality*, which still *sticks* in the *stomachs* of his acquaintances, and makes many of them *crusty*.

This noble personage served to a numerous party a vermin pie, com-

posed of a most *splendid* variety of animals, animalculi, and insects; attractive in appearance, savoury in taste, and deceitful, unsafe, and unwholesome in essence and effect. He had the effrontery also to undeceive the sufferers as to the genuine composition of the dish,—But what did it produce? Disgust and detestation of their deceiver; a never-fading breach of hospitality, and an indelible disgrace on his name. His pie was called an emblem of its donor; and as the reptiles are now enumerated which he spooned out to his company, they were accounted as the deceased relations of a brother worm: it was heartily wished that they might be the incessant compani-

ons of his table; and a motto was pitched upon for him, suitable to his achievements and abilities; namely,

“ Similis cum similibus.”

Cookman

MR. QUARTER-DRUDGE.

This gentleman is not by name and nature the same; for he assures us that England is in a very flourishing state; and he gives us this information in a very flourishing style. Flourishes, however, are of so many kinds, that it would be difficult to know which sort of *flourish* he means. There is a flourish of trumpets, which, when a man is his own trumpeter, is convenient enough: there is the flourish of the pen, which upon paper has a good

effect, and costs nothing: the Scots call blossoms flourishing: we hear also of flourishing trade, and flourishing of so many other species, of which, as Pat says, *cetera descent—anglice*, the rest is not *decent*. We strongly suspect, however, that Mr. Quarter-drudge flourishes best with a place or a pension, and hopes long to do so.

This worthy member is invulnerable we are told, having been dipt in the Shannon, and rubbed against the blarney stone, which produce (if we are not misinformed) an *æstriptex* about the head and heart ever after. A story is told of an application being made to him to give up a large portion of his allowance to the wants of the people, which was called charity by some, and

popularity by others ; but the Rt. Hon. Senator was too discriminating, and proved beyond a doubt (if our informant deceive us not) that there are many kinds of charity, as well as many sorts of popularity. First, then, public charity is all ostentation ; and private charity is *unknown* ; *particular charity* can only be applied to *particular objects*, amongst whom, *widows* are strongly recommended ; and finally, “ *la charité bien ordonné commence par soi,*” i. e. charity begins at home.

Now popularity is as multiform as charity and the modes of flourishing. Some get it from personal exertions ; some inherit it from family name and interest ; others enjoy it from misrepre-

sentation ; and others for getting drunk and haranguing the *profanum vulgus* from a cart (rather an *ominous* vehicle) or an alehouse-window. One gentleman got it when he *became a wig* ; one when he *cast off the wig*, and wore his own hair powdered ; and Lord E. was called so, by a whole country, for his noble generosity to a numerous progeny. Some, however, among the lower order, call him *populous*, instead of *popular*, and (soit dit en passant) we think, that this mistake often happens in meetings which certainly are more *populous* than *popular*.

To return to Mr. Q. he has not only the *copia verborum*, or the *gift of the gab*, as his countrymen translate

this expression, but he has also the pen of a ready writer, which every — has not.

This the editor of a certain review well knows; and accordingly, to him was confided the *job* (and a bad job he made of it) of cutting up, in the most approved style of modern reviewing, the work of the most distinguished female writer of the present day, of whom her country has just reason to be proud, but whom this literary assassin thought proper to style “an audacious worm,” an “impudent liar,” and to apply other epithets equally gross; which, however, have excited such strong feelings of disgust towards the review in question, and this *hireling* scribbler, that we suspect he will not

speedily be again employed by his master the bookseller.

My father's bookshop — Hetman

SIR HILDEBRAND ROUGENOIR.

This is a handsome baronet with a large establishment, residing at an ———, and bearing a warlike name, though not hereditarily. He once had a *rage militaire*, but it was rather a *caprice* than a *gout déterminé*; for it did not last long. However, if he did not do much mischief with the allies, he will ever be remembered by them; and the Hetman Platoff will bear him in his *souvenir* probably for life.

Some say that he has a taste for Latin: all agree that he has a smattering of *Greek*: and that he paid a sum of

money either for this knowledge, or for the agreeable acquaintance of the —————; or, finally, that this dangerous individual extorted a heavy contribution from him. There is much *gallantry* in his family; and it is supposed that it is hereditary. His alliances are very noble, he being a *descendant*, as some pretend, from the Princess of Madagascar; or, as others say, from the Queen of *Holland*; while others still assure us, that Holland was a republic, and not a kingly or despotic government, when its representative was in relation with him; and we know for certain, that very free principles and opinions actuate that house: at all events, it is beyond dispute that he is nobly born, expensive

in his habits, hospitable in his house, a dashing character, and *down* to every thing that a man of fashion ought to be.

MR. ROMEO DOODLE.

“Is that the gallant gay Lothario?”

“Ah! how changed!”

Whether Love-a-la-Mode, Three Weeks after Marriage, or the Murder of Desdemona, are getting up by this consummate actor, who has already *executed* Romeo, Lothario, and given a new *turn* to the character of the West Indian, we know not; but certainly his *theatrical* talents lie dormant, and his *emblematical* bird stands less in view than formerly. A certain street

in the Strand misses his extraordinary vehicle, and the two *mounted church-beadles* who cantered behind it, or who sometimes represented his horse and foot. Doubtless all this hero's forces, as one of these appendages of his consequence, were lately dismounted and seated by the side of this tragi-comical *fuscus Hydaspes*.

The common cause assigned for his retirement from the gay scene is, his *matrimony*, or *matter o'money* (we know not which, but hope the latter). Many gentlemen *play their part* in this affair as "A New Way to Pay Old Debts;" some as "Of Age To-morrow;" some as "The Poor Gentleman," "The Devil to Pay," or "Raising the Wind." Whatever may

be the *piece* which he has chosen, we recommend to Mr. *Doodle* more circumspection in his *cast of character* than heretofore. *Comedy* must not be made *tragedy*; nor *interlude* an ill-performed *farce*. *Genteel* comedy would best suit *private* theatricals, and a little of the *sentimental* may come in occasionally well enough; but *stage* effect is of little use in the conjugal *drama*; *ranting* and affectation are always to be avoided; dull sameness should be guarded against, though too frequent *change of scene* is dangerous to the husband; and the principal *performer* should never be so out in his part as to allow madam to be his *prompter*.

The female *performer* should not be brought too forward, as it would be for

her *benefit* not to receive too much *ap-
plause*; and there ought to be no other
heroine in the under plot. *Rehearsals*
should always be private; and *curtain*
lectures never be published; because
what is fit for the *closet* is not proper
to be brought before the *public*. Above
all, we would advise him to *re-cast* his
character, to alter his line entirely,
and, if he still has a hankering for the
boards, to confine himself entirely to
“The School of Reform.”

GENERAL HOME-STAFF.

The bloodless blades pendent by
the side of a number of generals, who
have never heard the sound of a can-
non, except on the King or Queen's

birth-day, nor seen shot fired, save in the shape of blank cartridge, yet who advance *pari passu* in rank with fighting men, and who have regiments, pensions, or lieutenant-colonelcies, and other emoluments, led us to notice General H. He is *one* of these worthies; and his public appearance about the streets, added to his command of a corps, which never covered *him* with any thing but *dust*, although it has covered *itself* with *glory*, gives him some degree of notoriety. Far, however, be it from us, to censure him in particular. The fault, in truth, is not *his*; but arises from want of discrimination in others, in the distribution of honours and emoluments.

The general's life and character are

honest, free, and equitable; neither famous for good nor evil. He is the son of a merchant; is a member of a good many clubs; and *was* a handsome man. His education is humble, and has been neglected, and he is a bad penman. This, we believe, sums up his qualities and achievements, and every biographical sketch which the most inventive pen could give of the general.

It is not, therefore, to him in particular, but to our feather-bed generals *en masse*, that we allude in this description of *men*, who share the good things with those of their brethren in arms, who bear the battle's brunt in the hot field of honour, whilst their more fortu-

nate comrades *promenade* Hyde Park, or the Mall, perchance with some erring cyprian, or faithless wife.

We have a Johnny H—— growing fat upon his unearned pension; one of northern race, enjoying his *otium cum dignitate*; another spending his military allowance abroad; and a fourth retiring, not upon a *peerage*, but upon a *peer's widow*, with a snug civil and military establishment. One owes his rank to a beauty of his family; another, not to personal courage, but personal good proportion and appearance; some make their way by the *scabbard*, while others advance by the *sword*; some wage successful war with *clubs* and *spades*, whilst others combat with

sabre and pistol: many decay by drinking and dissipation, whilst their equals in rank consume and perish by hostile elements, unwholesome soils, the bayonet's sharp point, or the devouring cannon's devastating breath.

With such unequal exertions, can it be just that equal treatment should be accorded to both? Are the useful men in the field and cabinet to divide the spoil with the ornamental men of the bed-chamber or banqueting room? Finally, are those who are neither useful nor ornamental in cabinet or field to come in for the pot-luck or family-fare of the army? These are the pointed questions we wish to put, without private pique or personality to any one.

MR. PLURAL, M. P.

Administrations have been marked by divers names at different periods.— All the talents, all the blocks, and all the hacks. Of this last class, is the honourable member, who has so long sat in the senate of Great Britain. He has always given his unqualified support to his party ; and, although the slave thereof, he is yet more estimable than the members of the rat club. Of his talents, we shall say nothing : the *talent of gold* was ever in his mind ; and the idea thereof rivetted him to place and pension, to voting with the minister, and to forming a cypher (very valuable in multiplication) in the majority.

He at one time got up and made a silly speech about salt (*always* in favour of taxation); and he was good enough to amuse the house with a calculation borrowed from his cook, (for originality he was never reproached with) to prove how little salt was consumed in his family. But it was on this occasion remarked, that, having got salt to *his* porridge, he was very little anxious about the consumption of others. Nay, if the whole nation was in a consumption with the most dangerous symptomata, *honest* ——— would retire to his country seat, well knowing at the same time (to return to salt) that if the *attic salt* were taxed, he would be exempted from the impost.

It was his boast, at an earlier

period of life, to have co-operated with the great William Pitt, with Wyndham, Lord Melville, et cetera. But, in the same manner does the ignorant, but laborious organ blower, contribute to draw out those sounds of sublimity, those notes of harmony which soothe and delight the soul; and in truth, (not to quit the metaphor) so did worthy ——— always give his best aid and services to draw out *notes* in another way, and to inspire *feeling*, but of a very different kind.

Grown grey in the service, this honourable gentleman has to boast the tenure of his situation, held like many estates and titles, neither by personal merit, valorous exploits, nor ancient nobility, but by usage and the

exertions of his friends. This gentleman properly belongs to the back stable, to the J——s, the H——s, the A——s, the D——s, risen into title, power, and possession, from obscurity, and the nothingness of their families, in reward for passive obedience, for ministerial drudgery, and for unmoved front.

It is very probable, however, that this government fag may long enjoy his blushing name and honours, without a change of colour proceeding from a self-enquiry as to the merit of the possessor; and it is even possible that he may get credit for some share of ability, from the success of his endeavours; for Dryden admirably informs us, that the pains-taking man

often assumes the reputation of talent,
merely from the gains acquired,

“ Who all that while was thought exceeding
wise,

“ Only for taking pains, and telling lies.”

MARQUIS POMPOSO.

“ This gentle cock, for solace of his life,

“ Six misses had, besides a lawful wife.”

Chaucer's Tale of the Nun's Priest.

This most noble marquis, who at one time bore the nick-name of Don H——, so completely answers to this description, that his history might almost be confined to these two lines, unless we add to them family pride, personal conceit, repulsive haughti-

ness, a chilling distance and coldness, and a masterly proficiency in the art, or arts of love. We were told, that such was the inflexibility of his neck, and the erectness of his body, that, in a tour from London to Naples, with his hair highly dressed and powdered, he never once soiled the lining of his carriage. Such is the imposing loftiness of his deportment, that his inferiors are afraid to interpose their *untitled* bodies

“ Betwixt the wind and his nobility.”

Such is his personal conceit, that, in a full-length portrait of him, placed in a conspicuous light at the Exhibition, his lordship chose the most unbecoming dress which he could assume,

trusting to his star, and the sternness of his countenance, for a striking resemblance, and a claim to general admiration ; convinced at the same time, that if it were disapproved of by the plebeian herd, it would be a greater proof of its merit and dignity.

To the fairer sex, he could be more condescending, if the word condescending be allowable when speaking of that soft sex, which captivates and governs hearts. To beauty, in all ranks of life, *his high mightiness* has shown much favour ; and his private theatricals greatly facilitated his amorous inclinations ; more being performed *behind* the scenes, than on the stage. His lordship also had an admirable opportunity of playing any

character which he pleased ; and there can be no doubt that he would be judicious enough to select any one but his own, when *bent* on pleasing.

It would seem as if there were something peculiarly productive of pride and libertinism in the title of marquis. His namesake seems to be almost his rival in the sublimity of his appearance, the contemptuousness of his insulting smile, and the peculiarity of his dress. The late marquis of —— was famous only for affectation, hauteur, his never quitted star, and his depravity respecting women. He accordingly left behind him above twenty legitimate and illegitimate children. On this last *score*, the late marquis of C—— has furnished a *multitude* of

examples of his promiscuous loves. The marquis of — is no bad sample of the qualities requisite for his title, as many splendidly retired demireps can vouch. It is, however, objected to him that

“The flesh he lives upon is rank and strong,
“His meat and mistresses are kept too long.”

But this may be more his misfortune than his fault. Be it, however, remembered by these high dignitaries of the peerage, that they are neither the first nor the only *lords of the land*, though they at present seem to forget princes and dukes, their *superiors*; and all the rest of the world, whom they vainly seem to consider as their inferiors. Nor would it be unworthy of the most noble Pomposo to emulate a Duke of

Rutland, or any benevolent peer, in some degree of feeling and attention to his poor peasantry and suffering neighbours.

This conspicuous pride of the most noble was shared by an earl, who is a few years deceased, but quite forgotten, and never esteemed. When this worthless peer, who disgraced Caledonia, his native country, wished to shut the door to the appeal of want, to the solicitation of a favour, or the performance of justice, he used to boast that "he could entrench himself in cold distant civility, so that he was inaccessible, and always discouraged his man"—a worthy boast!!!

THE HON. GENERAL MIS-MATCH.

Life being a chequered scene, we naturally look to man as the cause of it. The mixture of light and shade, of good and evil in our natures and characters, influencing our actions towards others, as well as our own feelings, produce good or evil fortune, happiness or misery, agony or ecstasy, in proportion to the acuteness or obtuseness of our sensibility. A striking example of this is manifested in the character of the noble general. With charity and benevolence, friendship and good-nature, are amalgamated levity, debauchery, and the cause of domestic infelicity, which are productive of bad example, quar-

rels, dissension, and endless strife. It is said pretty extensively, that the general and his partner are paired but not matched, and the partisans of each throw the blame on the other side of the house.

One party pretends that the masculine habits of a sterile wife, a want of the softness of her sex, and the cessation of attractions *from* her face downwards, operate medically on the conjugal taste, and produce rigour, coldness, nausea, and debility. The other party maintains that a very fine face, added to integrity of mind, good birth, and good manners, ought to command reciprocity of affection, kindness, and attention; and that fidelity on the one hand should insure constancy on the

other. The symptomata of frigidity and distaste are at the same time imputed to early habits of dissipation, to an unconquerable love for variety, and to an enervated system and vitiated mind, which impel the possessor to the pursuit of female novelty, and to seeking out amorous adventure in obscure scenes, and in the lower order of life, or perhaps more properly, in all orders and degrees thereof which may present themselves in his way. To decide on this knotty point becomes us not.

“Non nostrum inter vos tantus componere
lites.”

VIRGIL.

Nor are these remarks particularly levelled at the general and his lady:

they are mere *general* remarks; the case in point being common to many married couples, and, we think, more frequently so, when no pledge or pledges of mutual love exist in the form of an heir or family; in which cases, we are not sure but Paddy Costello's plan of *dividing* the house is the best, namely, that one party should possess the *inside*, and the other the *outside* thereof. Be that as it may, this couple has our best wishes for future increasing happiness. *Les on dits* have gone so far as to state that the lady is something like Horace's description of the fair one, who

“Desinet in piscem mulier formûsa supernæ,”

with this difference, that a Venus's

head surmounts a very awkward base; and that the defect being concealed by flowing drapery, was not put as an article in the wedlock catalogue, nor discovered but by *expost-facto evidence*. In this case, the heaviest charge that could be brought against the defendant would be want of candour, and improper concealment. A great deal might certainly be said by an able counsel on the propriety of the lady putting the best foot forward, or the best face on her affairs, on the countenance she bestowed on her future husband, and on the sweeping clause in the marriage act of "taking for better for worse."

Nay, we doubt much, that an ingenious solicitor would urge a good

deal in recrimination, and prove that defects, wants, and concealment may occur on the part of the plaintiff. Besides, the husband is not so much to be pitied, who has only seen the deformity of a wife's foot; and spouses there are who have been *feelingly* alive to a defect of this nature, and who, even where such defects do not exist, have received *striking* proofs of the robust limbs of their *better* halves. As to the charge of infecundity—a wife might answer, *a la française*.

Monsieur que voulez vous que j'y fasse ?

THE REVEREND MR. CAPERLOVE.

This is a priest, and a *high* priest; nay, more—a gay, good and *high* fellow.

In his boyhood, he was a rare wild one at Westminster, and shone in all juvenile pranks, whims, and devices. At Oxford, he was a hard goer, and shewed early that he was a fellow of spirit and resource. Yawning at noon over a strong basin of tea, with his breakfast-table strewn with tradesmens' bills, (having previously *sported oak** against his duns,) he hit upon the plan of breathing romance and tenderness in the form of an amatory epistle, or rather of a plump declaration to a certain lady, doubly sprung from ducal dignity, and having fifty thousand pounds to her fortune.

* An Oxford term for locking your door against them.

This last *trifling* circumstance was the magnetical attraction to his affections; and, as he counted over the hundreds and thousands in his warm mind, he worked himself up into such a love fever, he fancied himself such an Orlando Furioso, such an impassioned swain, that the ardor of his flame nearly scorched the scented paper of his *billet*: he could scarcely extinguish the blazing wax which was to bear testimony of the *impression* which the lady's *ideal* charms had made upon his soft head and tender heart; and he actually signed the superscription by implanting on it half a dozen heated kisses. Put with his own faithful hand into the post, it was sent, with every prospect of success, to its destination,

whilst the youth exclaimed, in the language of Hudibras,

“ Oh ! what an amorous thing is want !

“ How debts and mortgages enchant !”

Day after day rolled on, and yet no answer. Was she delighted, yet too modest to reply ? Was silence to imply consent ? Was he to write again ? Or was this *non-intercourse* the breaking off of all relations of amity ? Was it a prelude to a declaration of hostilities ? Was it an armed neutrality ?— Or, lastly, was it a sign of absolute rejection, of tacit contempt ? It was the awful prelude of an official notice, negating all his tender claims for ever ; a state paper, drawn up in a very high and dignified style, in a very imposing and commanding form,—it was,

in a word, a final unqualified rejection of his suit ; and it conveyed to him the humiliating intelligence, that his *inamorata*, with a prudence not so common among young ladies as might be wished for, had communicated the fatal paper to her mother, and had discreetly left to her to dismiss an unsuccessful and unadmired, though very aspiring, youth.

Holy orders, not matrimony, were now his only resource, and like many a *green* sprig of unspontaneous divinity, he was *forced* into clerical growth, and, grafted on the ecclesiastical tree, there to wither or flourish according to the wind of interest, and to the proportion of the sun of patronage, which might influence him in his profession.—

Quantum mutatus ab illo !

London and the watering places for a long time produced no fresh hopes of opulent alliance. At length, the daring youth once more got sight of a fortune, and started again as a knight, or rather as a candidate for the order of the *golden fleece*. A middle-aged fat miss, highly accomplished, and, as they said, *worth her weight in gold*, (which would have been a huge sum,) now *hove* in sight, and *loomed* like a rich prize. She was *engaged* by the engaging parson, and nearly captured; but a nabob brother's consent was necessary to complete the victory; for most of her *rich cargo* depended upon him. Now, unfortunately, when a man has passed the line, there is an entire revolution in his system: the vertical rays of the sun consume all

tenderness ; they melt away the scruples of conscience ; adhesion, not only of the liver, but of the heart takes place, whereby the latter *adheres* to nothing but self-interest ; the pericardium becomes impervious to the rays of pity ; and the bowels of compassion are so disordered, that it is a complete work of *art* to make them perform their functions.

In consequence of all this, the lovesick divine found the equatorial judge as severe towards him as though he had actually no bowels at all : he was harder than a Tartar, a Turk, or a money-lending Jew. Second refusal !!! Doubtless, when the disappointed youth next ascended the pulpit, he preached patience and resignation,

meekness and *poverty* of spirit ; and told his congregation that all was vanity and vexation of spirit. During the debilitating interregnum betwixt one love-fit and another, his reverence began to think of fixing his affection in right earnest ; and in a trip, *not* to *Tunbridge*, but to *Sadler's Wells*, his heart fell upon the captivating ankle of a bounding beauty, whose dancing promotion raised her from this humble stage to higher boards ; thence to a situation in the group of operatic performers ; and, finally, to a matrimonial *pas de deux* with this grave character of the pulpit.

The young lady's pedigree would not exactly suit, to twine round the ancient and proud family-tree of the

———. Accordingly, the worthy husband did all in his power to enrich, amend, and set it off. Father-in-law was a poor member of the *wig* club.— Now, as his son-in-law's family was ministerial, this would never do; and therefore his *tonsonial* relative was promoted to a *job*: we do not mean to driving a job in the chariot of state; but to the more humble job of driving a stage-coach. This change of profession has been the cause of old coachee's *breaking* down more than once, but his *gentleman* son-in-law has always set him up again. He has also, with admirable filial piety, pensioned a sister-in-law, who accepts the *Chiltern Hundreds*, and has vacated her place in the *house*—we mean the *play-house*.

Thus equipped, and family affairs settled, the happy couple are now teaching the mountains of Cambria to echo their soft accents of conjugal endearment, and giving the pure brook the reflection of their interesting persons, linked in firm wedlock chains.—Madame is out-stripping the sportive goat, in her agile gambols, on the romantic hill ; whilst Monsieur is taking views of domestic life, or, perhaps, composing a poem or a novel, which may one day mislead the mind of a moon-sick maid, or a vacillating virgin in life's decline, and make her dream of running away with a reformed rake in the dragoons, or a sentimental clergyman of good family .

LADY QUEENSTON.

A beauty on a *large* scale must be a *great* beauty ; and of this denomination is her ladyship. The lily and the rose blended in the loveliest way ; a large blue eye of melting softness ; a ruby smiling lip, whose vermeil hue would play the devil with a moralist's brain, and thaw the frozen bosom of a Stoic ; well turned though rather athletic shoulders, and fine stature, rank this character amongst the loves and graces of her day, and won her two succeeding titles—the partner of a baronet, and the becoming female representative of an illustrious peerage. Nay, more, nature and good health have enabled

her to survive her *cari sposi*, and to be now an attractive widow.

We have seen her in the sunshine of her beauty, with a host of insect admirers basking in the rays of her refulgence, and living in the beam of her revivifying and all-cheering glance. Of these *Ephemeris* some had a preference, both lords and commoners; but nothing ever passed *contre les ordonnances du Roi*, as we hear upon all occasions in France, or, to speak plainly, *contre la bienséance*. A certain Capt. —, we are told, killed his horse by letting him freeze at her door, the animal being none of the *languishing* tribe. But whether this be true or not, it only proves that perfection ever draws admiration.

From our devotion to the fair sex, we could wish that every beauty were gifted with the inheritance of Apollo, perpetual youth; but alas! it is not so: the cruel hand of time will be felt by forms the most celestial in appearance to human eye; as the pouting protuberant rose-bud will expand to its utmost extension, and then wither on the ungrateful gale which it had embalmed with its sweetness: the virgin snow on the lofty mountains, which dazzles our admiring and incautious eye, loses by time its polished glittering hue, gradually declines in brilliancy and consistence, and melts into oblivion: the journey of life cannot be performed without some traces of it being marked on the traveller's brow: autum-

nal tints will fall on the lightest, most luxuriant tresses: the great orb of day must decline, and the cold season of night and winter assume its sway.

Then ye fair votaries of pleasure, then ye enchantresses of hearts, the charm must lose its power: *mind* only can warm departing day—*mind* only can enlighten the dark and dreary waste of life.

We do not *particularly* offer these reflections to Lady Q——; but we still fear that the *interior* of the noble structure equals not its *exterior* form; and we can assure her that our sex are not indulgent to the sweetest flower whose odours and attractions are on the wing of time; they foresee, but pity not the fall. Art may prop continued

existence ; *borrowed light* may still add lustre to the object ; but there is an old Italian proverb, and it is too well known and generally understood :

Ni donna ni tela,
Non comprar a la candela.

MR. LEEWARD.

Horace says that—

“ Pictoribus atque Poetis quidlibet *ardendi*
semper fuit æqua potesta.”

We find it proved in this extraordinary gentleman. Lodged in chambers, instead of a house, he affects the eccentricity of an author, and proves *one* title to a poet's name, i. e. effervescence and deviation of intellect from its ordinary, sober, and quiet course.

Some say that his head is filled with *crotchets*; but this we deny, for had *they* held a place in his *brain*, we might have expected something more musical in his lines; whereas, his *trifles* in verse are like a confectioner's *trifle*—all froth; or rather, like bottled *cyder*, very *inflated*, and which being long *pent* up in his brain, and much confined in point of *room* there, *goes off* with the *loud report* of *perry*, and is *chronicled* with other *light* materials in the way of versification, vituperation of the government of the realm in equally *flat* prose, or the chit chat of the fashionable world, made at the publisher's *fire-side*. The matter on examination, however, is found very deficient of *taste*: by some it is called an *insipid*

mawkish mixture; by others, a drug; but by all, it is allowed to possess more *air* than style or genius.

From thus indulging his *independent* muse, who acts like a republican in letters, always *invita Minerva*, he sends his car to deck the triumphs of numberless obscure cyprians; for Venus and the muses — *love* and *poetry* should ever blend; and this vehicle, noticed by many, waiting at the frail fair one's doors, gives them at least notoriety, if not fashion.

Thence, he often exalts them to a box at the opera, where, seated amongst them, he perhaps indulges his fancy in an imagined resemblance to Apollo and the Muses! or in *waking* dreams of Venus and Mercury;

or perchance purchases an apple, and presents it to the fairest to keep fresh in his memory the story of Paris; whilst the delighted little creatures borrow consequence from the *Rt. Hon. Lady's box* in which they are stuck up like *blowing* roses, and are as much astonished at the change, as if they had been transported to the states of *Holland!!*

What a change must be their return to their humble lodgings! How dreary must the poet's chamber seem. Yet imagination may go a good way; and, as Mr. ——— is no hum drum, plain matter of fact man, he may raise his name into *the pride of Albany!* or, seated in an unhallowed temple, with a yew tree before it, fancy himself in the *island of Cypress.*

MR. X. Y. Z. EMPEROR MONEYLOVE.

This is a commoner, with name so many, that it would require a pole to measure them, put a crier out of breath to relate them, and frighten the keeper of a Spanish *pasada* as much as Don Juan Emanuel Rodrigues Felix de Castel Blanco's titles and designations, which made his host shut the doors, convinced that he could not lodge such a numerous assemblage of high company.

In a word, Mr. Emperor Moneylove is a *host* in himself. Whether the ———, who has added her name to his, thinks so or not, we cannot pretend to say; but we are informed, that he has given her some striking proofs

of his ascendancy in the domestic line, both as a husband and a landlord. Not to *fall* in the scale of greatness, he has raised his rents, wiped off a frail fair one's score, scattered his dross extensively, and proved to all ——— what it is to marry a man of spirit.

He has a noble relative, who has out-riden the wind in point of elevation, exploits, and renown, and has so filled fame's brazen trumpet with his praise, that it is broken, and of course silent on every other subject. He has likewise numerous relations, many female admirers, and countless tradesmen who have filled the ample page with his name and orders: whether he has filled their pockets in return, is a point with which we do not profess to

be acquainted. Again he gives coursing parties at a [*cidevant* —— residence, and shows himself game in every thing.

Should a dissolution of parliament take place, he will play a high part. Much will come out in the way of electioneering squibs; his name will be long before his competitors; and, if a true account be published, his adventures will be more *novel* and interesting than any *novel* written on knight, squire, or country gentleman. It is not at all improbable that an address to the freeholders, et cetera, having nearly the following style, may appear in the public prints, and that his favours and blush-coloured ribbands, may be disputed by the beauties of the county.

To the freeholders, et cetera, et cetera.

Emboldened by a life of laborious attention to the good of my fellow citizens, steady in my maintenance of opinion as to the liberty of the subject, abhorring as I do all party work, all bribery and corruption, all government jobs, and bartering of principle for places, or vending of votes for sordid pelf, all pensions and sinecures, family interest, or promotions founded on a dereliction of my duty to my constituents, I venture to solicit your suffrages, assuring you of my continued efforts to merit the preference which you may deem me worthy of!!!

LADY GRANNY.

Modern antiquities, and my grandmother, have been the rage; and fashion is every thing. We are certainly many of us descended from the Dutch; a *very* John Bull is his *fac simile*; and he only wants the big breeches, and the pipe in his mouth, to leave no difference at all. Why should we then wonder at the British taste being *engros*, whilst the southern inhabitant of Europe loves *en detail*? Why should we blame the northern nation for liking decline and decay, when the eastern race can admire alone the youthful, or mature? Why should one man not be allowed to get drunk with brandy and ale by his fire-side, in cold autumn or

stern winter, whilst another passes his time in amorous dalliance under the shade of a myrtle, by the side of a purling brook, or listens to the nightingale, and inhales the perfume of the rose?

Mynheer Vandundertrump prefers the gaudy tulip issued from its hot-bed of corruption, whilst Monsieur or a signor rather chuses to pick the fragrant violet from its pure and simple soil, telling you significantly, and sensually enough too, that

“ La violette se cueille au printems,

“ Jeune fillette, profitez du tems.”

Vandyke drew all his beauties alike, robust and full bosomed, athletic and *full* grown: every man to his taste.

From these, and an infinity of other examples, we must be convinced of the diversity of tastes, and that the eye and the appetite, whether the one be obscured or the other vitiated or not, constitute the beauty, and form the taste.

We cannot, therefore, blame a prince, a noble, or a private gentleman, for preferring matter to manner, magnitude to proportion, art to nature, age to youth, nor bone to flesh. All these fancies have prevailed; and we know a very religious king, who had, a quarter of a century ago, so lean a mistress, that, as the name she bore was intimately connected with natural history, it was supposed by some, that he preserved her as a curiosity; by others,

that he kept her for the purpose of studying *osteology*. The taste for age, manifested by a most distinguished character in the instance of Lady G——, and the attachment to corpulence in a later instance, are not more ridiculous and blameworthy than any of the above examples: the one may proceed from superior knowledge of *antiques*, and the other may exist from still more *solid* reasons.

Notwithstanding all this, we must ever blame the captivating grand-mother, whose experience in the art of love arms her with the dangerous means of subverting the happiness of a family, where its union or disunion, its happiness or infelicity, are objects of high interest to a whole country.

We must ever condemn that ill-directed mind and unfeminine heart, which could glory in rendering her rival (or rather one placed in a situation to be her rival) disgusting or ridiculous, by deforming the appearance of her person by unbecoming dress, by estranging her mind by intoxicating liquors, by carrying prejudicial reports, and by diverting *even esteem and propriety* from its natural and necessary channel. Yet *such things were*; and we leave them to the consideration of the grandmother, whose hour of favour is at length past, but whose hour of reflection may be yet to come!

LORD MERIDALE.

Barring the obliquity of his eye, this would be a comely nobleman; and, barring the speedy transfer of affection from one object to another, this would have been a fond lover, and a constant husband. Though mild and unmeaning, he bears his coronet with decency, and is not unworthy to sit in that house where "his noble peers are placed around."

We saw him, in former days, as kind to another man's wife as though she had been his own; and what is still more edifying and less common, he was, at an after period, as kind to his own wife, as if she had been another's; nay, *all this* to one and the same per-

son; for the late lady M—— united the mistress and the wife, though *not* at the same period. We remember the peer watching the *growth* of her affections, and when his pretty partner was

“As women wished to be who love their lords,”

his assiduous attentions charmed the unmarried, astonished the married, and were the subject of many a *tête-à-tête* quarrel, and many a curtain lecture. “If you were but half as kind to me (cried the complaintive spouse) as my Lord M——” “What a blessing to have such a partner in the married state!” lisped a languishing spinster, “What a d—d fool the fellow makes of himself!” adds a husband, groaning

under the weight of reproaches! "What a lucky woman Mrs.—— is," says some fallen angel from the sphere of dissolved wedlock! In a word, my lord, his bewitching bride, her rotundity, and his complaisance, rung in all ears at the west end of the town; and formed the favourite topic of conversation with gentlewomen in the family way.

That state passed away, not like "the baseless fabric of a vision," but in the natural way. Time, who is ever jealous of love and beauty, destroyed both; and the adored partner prematurely sunk into the grave. Here, had the kindred heart sunk into despondency, had those widowed arms held nothing but an aching void for many a year, Lord —— would have been

chronicled as a constant lover, and have been made perhaps immortal in some future romance, or in the sentimental sonnet of some love-struck maiden. But *aching voids* are of so many kinds, sometimes of the *head*, and sometimes of the *heart*, that they cannot long be borne by people of quality; the one and the other must be filled, even if it be like Paddy's description of plenitude, "Full of emptiness."

Accordingly, the peer filled up the *vacancy* as speedily as possible, which marred for ever his prospects of rivaling Petrarch by the pen of a proxy;*

* It is a rare privilege (reputed to the lower house) to vote by proxy: some of the peerage, we are told, speak, write, and think by proxy!

and made his female admirers, who had set him down as a model of comeliness and conduct, say, that they now perceived that he had an error both in his sight and in his mind.

More or less accosted and plagued by all these fashionables, Lord H. was at length attracted by a female in the habit of a nun. She motioned him to approach her; and drawing him aside, whispered—*no diga usted nada*, with a few more words of barbarous Spanish. She apologized for speaking the language so ill; but added, that being but a short time in the country, she had made but a poor proficiency in the Spanish tongue; then accepting his arm, which he offered, she walked with him a considerable time, and informed

him that she had been at Cadiz, that she knew his every action, every motion, almost every thought; that she was near him on a thousand occasions; she had witnessed his intrigues and his serenades; she had followed him in his disguises and ramblings; she had seen his famous armoury; she had been beside him when sitting publicly in his chair, and displaying his honourable wounds.

He was, she said, flattered, congratulated, and surrounded by kind inquirers; and when delivering his opinions to the attentive circle, like the philosophers of old from their porticos, he was the wonder of the males, and the delight of the females at Cadiz. He had seen her, she said, dance to the

light castanet; he had heard her murmur the soft sequedil; he had sought her, but she fled him; he had lost sight of her, and she followed him again; in a word, she was—she was—in person the fair incognita, whom, like an *ignis fatuus*, he had so long pursued in vain. She even hinted, that she had been with him “in day and hour of danger;” touched upon the affair of Matagorda; and called him her hero of Spain.

Whilst this was going on, and the peer’s brain was inflaming with the sweet intoxication of praise, five more masks joined them: namely, Sir J. Mac Weathercock, habited as a pilgrim. He had none of the simplicity of the character, and was soon unmasked:

Colonel Mac Clarty, as a Highland chief, much more like a Highland chairman, but for his old woman-like voice; the Duke of —, a dumb representation of a northern prince, stupid and flat as possible; Pert, the reviewer, who was recognized and cut; and Blarney, the Irish counsellor, in the judge's gown—this was an Irish disguise, and he was directly known. He was very pressing to get the incognita's other arm; and swore that he knew her, making divers love protestations and money promises: at length the peer interfered, and disengaged the lady.

CHAPTER II.



“Is it possible,” said Lord H. “that you can know that Hibernian orator?” “Certainly not,” replied the fair incognita: “he thinks that he knows every body and every thing; but in this instance he is mistaken.” The peer now, having the field of battle to himself, resolved to make the most of his time. He was nothing wanting in protestations and professions; and supplicated his fair incognita to unmask. This she declined, adding, that before she attempted to make an impression on his *eyes*, she wished to be indebted to his *mind* for some degrees of partiality; besides

that, she should only lose by the disclosure; and, moreover, that if she were happy enough to please him, their acquaintance, or rather intercourse, must not survive that night.

“Cruel incognita,” said Lord H. “ten times more cruel than fire and sword. What dangers would I not brave for such a woman!” “Aye,” gaily replied the incognita; “but if, when unmasked, I turned out to be the bearded lady of Quixotic notoriety, or an old woman, or a *masque de fer*, or a *tete de mort*, or the *pig-faced* lady?” — “That would indeed be a *bore*,” replied the cavalier: “but I will take my chance for steel or death, or age or ruin.” He now began to be heroic. “Do but unmask, *mi estrella*—star of my fortune, light of

my eyes, hope of my pilgrimage, thou goddess of my idolatry !” Here she laughed immoderately : nothing could be so trying ; and here they were again interrupted by masks ?

Lord H. was known to all the town ; but he could not know all the town ; and he lost in all his encounters with his censors in disguise : they knew all his foibles, whilst he knew none of their’s. It is with a character at a masquerade, as it is with reviewers : every pert brother of the trade can throw in his little *addendum* of satire : he can even borrow other men’s ideas to censure you ; he can, very easily, cut up a work, which, with all its imperfections, he is not capable of writing ; because men’s faults are more ob-

vious than their perfections:—every critic, every enemy, every envious competitor, is interested in the former; very few participate in the welfare of the latter.

An operose work, replete with genius and science, may be obscured by a venial sin or two, prominently put forward by the critic, whose self-interest and meanness resemble the craft and address of a broker or an old clothesman, who is deeply interested in making the article *in hand cheap*; and he will pass by a striking beauty to exhibit the speck caused by a fly on a picture, or by a stitch dropped in the most graceful and ornamental mantle.

In the course of the night, or rather

of the morning, the incognita gave the peer a very useful lesson, which was, to guess at the characters, by the contrast which they bore to those they represented ; for instance, a clergyman is very likely to be represented as a lawyer, and a lawyer as a clergyman ; thus substituting law for equity, and equity for law : or a wrinkled usurer is very likely to be found in the simple garb of a pilgrim : a ruined rake in an alderman's gown, and an alderman in the disguise of a man of fashion : an old demirep as a vestal virgin, and a love-sick virgin as a mother abbess : great public characters in a stupid domino, and stupid *domini* in great characters, which they know not how to support : just as we see a red-headed damsel with

a black wig, and a grim dark swarthy dame concealed under flaxen ringlets, stealing down a lean wrinkled neck, bolstered up to her chin, and pouting like a dove.

This haphazard way of deciding helped the peer to a few very lucky common-place hits ; such as, to be sure, if a married man was attentive to a female companion, she naturally could not be his own wife ; and if a single man was particularly assiduous about his arm companion, she certainly must be the wife of another. From these hints and remarks, an hour's amusement was derived. And now the busy unguarded moment of supper arrived. Meanwhile the mask was thrown off by many, but was continued to be

worn by a few public characters, who affected privacy and concealment; insignificant and unknown characters courted publicity and notoriety. The fair incognita acted with much reserve, and only tasted an ice and a glass of water.

The hour of supper was most favourable to the wishes of the peer, as it necessarily produced the unmasking of the fair lady. She, however, kept a deep veil over her face, by which an imperfect view of a pair of piercing eyes, and a regular set of ivory teeth, could alone be obtained. The ample and unornamental habit of a nun completely disguised her person. The peer requested her to take off her glove, when a very white hand presented it-

self, with a number of valuable rings on almost every finger. From this circumstance, it was difficult to discover whether the fair wearer of them was maid, wife, or widow; so that the noble peer was completely foiled in this attempt at a discovery of her real character; nor would she give him any satisfactory answer on the subject.

The morning now advanced, and with its advance the peer's passion grew stronger. He was extremely anxious to learn her motive for so suddenly leaving Brighton; and was still more inquisitive as to the circumstances which took her to Spain. On the first subject she satisfied him, by stating, that the apprehension of loss of character was the cause; add-

ing, that it was quite sufficient that *he* should pay attentions to a woman to make her the object of the town-talk ; besides, that she considered him as a very dangerous person to her sex, since his former triumphs had made him so formidable. She added, that although she had, more than once, followed him in disguise, she had always fled from him on being discovered. With respect to the circumstances which occasioned her journey to Spain, he might, at a future period, learn them, but that at present it was impossible for her to make them known.

All this mystery very much encreased the interest of her story, and inflamed her lover's brain. Oaths, vows, and protestations, were again and again

repeated without effect. The only success which Lord H——, with all his *generalship*, could procure in this attack, was a *rendezvous* for the next day at three in the afternoon, which, however, he considered as having completed the first parallel, and contended that the place would be surrendered in due time ; and, that although no *coup de main* could be practised, he might, by proceeding on the plan of the old school, sit down in form before the fortress, and have the glory of its surrender, by perseverance, patience, and bravery—all prime qualities in a soldier.

The fair incognita was now to withdraw, for the bold approaches of the rosy-fingered morning had begun to put

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with her passion for him, had produced these indecisions, these advances and retreats, these hopes and fears, these doubts and deliberations, these pangs and waverings of love? All was doubt and conjecture.

At length, annoyed by the unbashful advances of frail sisters, who in turn had been honoured by his attentions and partiality, tired of thought, broad awake, pressed by blue devils and the *tædium vitæ*, he gave his disguise to two attending slaves, put on his usual dress in an adjoining room, and sallied forth, like the knight of La Mancha in quest of adventures. A thought struck him, that he would seek out the honest mail-coachman, procure a disguise, and see some rare

scenes in life, since bed and sleep became odious to him, and since the love fever was so troublesome and subversive of his repose.

At his sortie, he perceived some lost and misled females walking their weary hour, bearing the broken smile, the poisonous attraction, the ill-assumed air of passion and of gaiety, through which thin and ragged disguise, a broken heart, bruised spirit, gnawing self-contempt, and shattered health, were easily perceived. The withering limb, lax fibre, fevered lip, and drooping eye, stood here in awful contrast with loose attitude, flippant and capering address, impure expression, and blasphemous execration. He bid them go home; and adding, "poor things! some of

you perhaps have no home," divided his purse amongst them, with a kind wish to every one individually and collectively.

Let not the stern censor nor the closeted moralist, the book worm, or the untried virgin representative of severity, frown here. The tear that falls upon the ruined wreck of what *was* virtuous, but *is* now abandoned, is, like the dews of heaven, "*twice* blessed!" It blesseth the devoted wretch, a prey, but the other day, perhaps, to a seducer's arts; and it blesseth the kind heart from which it flows; but the clay-cold hand, and hard unfeeling breast, know it not. The generous hand that was thus stretched out was *then sincerely* blessed; and many a tearful oath,

forced on the unwilling lip, testified in strong but unbecoming manner that aching gratitude which blessed ten-fold, again and again, this friend of woman ! He felt the infection, and doubling the celerity of his steps, passed a handkerchief unperceived across his eyes, and sought the mail-coach office.

Coachee was, of course, exact to his time ; delighted to see his right honourable friend and generous benefactor ; and it was agreed that they should go to the watchhouse to see what was going on there, and from thence to the Finish. “ But let me call home for a moment,” said coachee, “ and give Bet a buss.” “ Oh ! no,” replied the peer, “ she’ll be averse to our plan.” “ She !” said coachee : “ not she ; she

knows better sense. I keep her better to her work than all that comes to. I like to treat her well; but then, in return, we must have obedience; we must have no kicking, or jibing, or bolting; all must go on like clock-work. Come along, my lord, I sha'n't be a moment; come along."

Just as the gay driver entered, Bet flew to embrace him, and then drew respectfully backward, and bobbed a curtesy. "I'll have supper ready for you in a moment; but I wish I'd something better for our generous stranger," (for coachee was too old a whip to trust the secret of his friend's name even to Bet). "We don't want any thing," said coachee. "I'm a going a little way with the gentleman,

and shall be back by and bye. Don't you mind me ; it's *all right*." Here, the nice supper so comfortably and carefully provided, the slippers laid out in order, the warm welcome intended, the loss of his society, and the uncertainty of his plan, rushed upon her mind, and impelled a large, but well-restrained, tear to linger on her eyelid ; but obedience overcome in the contest, and *pulling up*, as it were, she took off his box coat, and said, in an humble, but sweet tone,—“ surely, love,”—here the husband espied the sparkling gem, and, giving her another *buss*, and a crack of the whip, cried—“ poor Bet ! silly thing !” then gave her a chuck under the chin, and went out.

These two blades now proceeded on their roving commission, and reached St. James's watch-house. Here the old scene of sleeping prostitutes, *mer-ry millers*, drunken bucks, greedy watchmen, and stupid constables, took place.

“ Pray let me out, and I'll find my own bail,” says Pat Rooney, who was confined on a *suspicion* of shop-lifting. “ Upon my *honour*, and that's not a *sinecure*, for it costs me trouble enough to keep, and some little exertions to support—upon the honour of a gentleman, I was only tapping at the door of a pretty servant maid that keeps me company, when you seized on me so *ungenteely* by the cuff of the neck.” “ Yes,” said Somnifer, the watchman,

“and what the hell were you picking the lock for?” “That was a private signal,” replied Pat Rooney; “and never was *simple* lover and kind mistress so sacrificed as we, unless I am immediately liberated.” Lord H—— offered to bail poor Pat; but an Irish name, a bad character, and a pick-lock thrown away in the scuffle to secure the Hibernian, operated too forcibly for Pat’s misfortune, and he was treated still more *unlike a gentleman*, and removed into *stronger* custody, in spite of the interference of the nobleman, and the pity of the mail-coachman.

“Bless your manly, feeling heart,” said a suspicious looking female, “allow me to tell you a tale of woe.” “Dock it!” cries coachee, “for by----,

betwixt one tale and another, the largest *entailed* estate in the three kingdoms would be nothing to the claims of a watch-house. I have here found a fellow who was my postilion when I drove my *own* carriage, and half-a-dozen *biddies*, that kept their vehicles and establishments. Poor Bob is now a sweep, and the poor *dollies* are even worse than that: they are swept from honest society, and are *outcasts* amongst those who have flattered and plundered them. I say, sound the bugle, governor, and let us retreat; for else I shall go from the watch-house to the workhouse."

"Not so quick" said the peer; "let the lady be heard." "She's a common thief," said Compromise, the constable of the night. "And thou art a *common*

informer,” said the old whip, “which master Compromise argues, forgiven villany, unconvicted felony, useful infamy, and unbounded impudence? Don’t I remember your watching my coach, to see if you could *nose*? And don’t this poor girl know that you tore the wages of infamy from her, by a system of terror, and sent her to multiply sin on sin, crime on crime, theft on theft, (if she ever thieved) to glut your rapacity, and to pay her lodging? Quarter you——; for you shall not have the whip hand of me. I drive a mail coach; you only drive a d—d mercenary job, and you’d better keep clear of me.”

Here the mail man *pulled up slap bang*, and looked at Compromise with

contempt, putting his tongue in his cheek. The latter explained and apologized, and said that miss was *suspected* of *nimming* a gemman's tatler. "Suspected!" said coachee, "and who would hurt a woman on *suspicion*? If you say one word—you know what a *bit of blood I am*; I'll soon clear the shop. (Aside) My lord, now for a wipe off;" so, springing on old Compromise, he motioned the female unfortunates to escape: *exeunt omnes*; whilst my lord and Jehew *lowered* their enemies, and stood fast.

"There," said he, pulling up; "come on, old crippled Somnifer, Compromise, the first *raters* of spies, and all the rest of ye half-extinguished *nocturni luceferi*. D—n ye, I have not been

to Oxford for nothing ; and I'll soon bring ye to *light*, ye night padders ; ye sun shunners, ye midnight marauders, flesh-dealers, and venders of blood !”

“ Gently,” cried a yawning inspector, “ we all does our duty to the best of our means, and every trade must live ; don't be so hard ; you have let out women charged with heavy crimes ; let be, for let be, and depart yourself, else a very serious charge stands against you.”

Here coachee *struck*, not his *colours*, but the inspector, and he was secured and confined. “ Never mind,” said coachee : “ if it don't vex Bet, this will be a change to me, my lord. Joey Windem can take the reins for me. Say that I have got a fever, and I'll pay him well ; and as for suffering durance

vile for the poor, the oppressed, and the weaker vessel, woman, it's *all my eye*; so commit me, old *dowagers!*"

The whole vault resounded with the name of *my lord*.—"No, my good Sir," said Compromise, "I am sure my lord will answer for your appearance, and I would not keep such wild, but (with a contemptible smile) noble fellows.—Good morning, my lord; fare you well, Sir." Thus they quitted the guardians of the night, and the *conscientious* maintainers of peace, scattering a little loose dross to them, which always opens a watchman's eyes to the line of conduct which he should observe.

"I am sorry, gentlemen, that you're going," said a flashy fellow wrapped

up in a *bang-up coat*, and reclining on a bench. "I'm pounded here for milling half a-score waiters, and I can't get bail; so, I was in hopes that we might have smoaked a pipe, shared some purl with the old ladies here (pointing to the watchmen), and have played at chicken hazard until some old justice quibus had got his eyes open, and his indigestion set to rights, so as to give us a hearing."

Lord H. was just going to answer for his appearance, when coachee tipped him the wink, and whispered in his ear—"My lord, don't have any thing to do with the fellow. I know him better than you, and am rather more up to these scenes than your lordship; at least, I used to be so be-

fore I married Bet ; but now I am as steady as an old roadster, and never have any thing to do with these gay concerns. When we get home I'll tell you a tough story about the game of these watchhouses, and will put you up to this gambling chap's gammon."

Lord H. insisted upon taking coachee home, where an elegant collation and cigars finished the scene. " Life," said the mail-coachman, " passes like a journey : we start with impetuosity, all fresh, and we are scarcely awake, ere we find ourselves through two stages of our travel ; refreshment, the smile of sweet woman, change of company, an adventure or two, a bright prospect, less bright when approached, a few accidents per chance, the pride of our

horses, and the conceit of holding the reins, carry us through a third stage; winter, fatigue, tempest, cold, frost, chilled heart, disappointed hope, fading prospects, and damp winter nights, our cattle failing, and a drooping hand, change all our views, and we fall from life's coach-box, as dejected as we were once elate.

“Happy, my good lord, is the whip who carries on *all right*: many drive a mere job for others, a day's work of infamy through life; he who lives and lets live, who obliges his fellow travellers, who serves his employers, and treats the poor animals under his charge with humanity, may hope to be *nearest up to the mark*; but, I fear, we are all a little *wide*.” Here, kindness, liquor,

coachmanship, aching remembrance, withered hope, self-reproach for juvenile folly, and doubtful perspective, were too strong for honest *Jehew*, and he swallowed a tear in his bumper, and *bolted* them both.

The peer, whose heart was as full as his, though not so great a whip, respected the feeling, 'squeezed him by the hand, looked insipidly, but felt nobly, and turned the conversation. "Poor Bet's health," said the peer. "Thank you, bless you, my good lord," said *Jehew*. "The conviction of making *one* being happy, who can't *carry on* without us, cheers many a wintry night, and cheats us of many a care." Here his heart filled again. "Here's to Bet," said Lord H. *seemingly* cheerfully, but

a seraph's eye beamed upon him, and he felt for a loss, which time, folly, variety, dissipation, war, pride, and pomp, never can recall, never, ah! never can replace.

Jehew saw his embarrassment in turn, and changed the conversation. "I promised," said he, "to tell your lordship some watch-house adventures, and to give you that saucy blade's history, if I don't intrude." "Not at all," said Lord H. recovering himself, and happy to be diverted from care to novelty: "carry on, governor, as you say: another cigar and more liquor: open the windows, and put out the lights." "Not for the world," said coachee. "We shall see the industrious labourer commence his hard diurnal work; the

crafty mechanic open his shop; the fainting harlot fly the sun's ray; the gambler and plunderer retire to their dens; the birds of prey seek the foliage of secrecy and security; the pauper look in vain for work, and faint for the want of what we now revel in the profusion of. Shut the window again, my good lord, or my story will blush too much to bring to light. The moon winks at man's passions and imperfections, but *broad* day chides him, and puts the gambler and the profligate to flight."

"Begin," said the peer, fearing the continuance of this morality.—"What about the watch-house and our friend?"

"The flashy fellow whom we saw, seemingly disconcerted with his confine-

ment," replied the whip, " is an adventurer of the first order, a fellow who lives on mens' accidents, who fattens on his fellow-creatures' disasters, who rises in the morning to *box the compass*, and who goes to bed with the sacrifice of a fellow-man, who angles for a gudgeon, and feeds on his vitals.

" The fellow was once an officer ; but, spending a trifling fortune in a few years, and learning abroad and at home nothing but vice and trick, he returned ingloriously from Spain, after selling out ; and, when the price of his commission was spent, he took to gambling ; and not only to that vice, but to being a complete adventurer, to living on a credulous flat, to deceiving an unsuspecting woman, and turning her

to account, to making coffee-house acquaintances, and being treated by flats and greenhorns, in short, to all the shifts, turns, and resources of a Jeremy Diddler.

“ He watches the chances and accidents of the day—a carriage overturned, a stranger asking his way, to hand out a countryfied dame at a theatre, to help a decrepid old reprobate to his carriage, to take the odds to a certainty at a race, to profit by a throw over, any resource that fortune can offer; and I am credibly informed that *he is up*, and in league with a bailiff, who, when he has a rich customer, lets him know; and he pretends to be also detained; and in concert with John Doe, picks the *young one* as clean as an oyster.

“ The first time I saw him was at Epping hunt. I had been up all night, and, in concert with some brother Oxonians, agreed not to go to bed, but to have a quiz at the city horsemen; so we changed our dress, and were off to the chase. This genius was there on a trading voyage: he can ride a little, and he threw the leg over a *compter* coxcomb, a city sportsman: they say that he worked him to the tune of some thousands. I never saw such a scene in my life; and well he knew how to make the most of it.

“ To be sure, that Epping hunt is the rummest scene that can be. Such horsemanship! An active fellow who wants a ride has nothing to do but to

go there on foot, and he's sure to come home on horseback. Then, about the middle of the day, there's such a charge of the cavalry on the infantry, and of the infantry on the cavalry ; such claiming of horses ; such squabbling for hats and wigs ; such *exchanges* in all ways ; the shopkeepers' wives thrown out of buggies ; the mutual upbraidings of married couples : ' it was your fault, Susan, that I came here ; I wish the stag and his horns were at h—l, then I shouldn't have had the *shay* to pay for : ' and then the retort, ' Who know'd as you were to throw a body over, and to expose one to the spectators ? How did I know that you couldn't *drive* ? though I *ought* to have know'd it ; you never could do any thing like any other

man.' Such mutual upbraidings! such rare tumbles! such a field for quizzing! And then to hear 'Stop my horse;' and to see a score of hacks return riderless; it certainly is (for once) as prime a place to visit as any I know: and this flash chap knew well what he was about, when he went there—the chapter of *accidents* is an ample page for an adventurer.

“ As for the poor dollies, that you see committed, one half of them kick up a street row to obtain a habitation for a few hours, to screen their misery from the rising sun, and to recruit their drooping spirits, and lull actual hunger. If a fellow-sufferer take compassion on them, and impart a breakfast, it is a great object; for when

dismissed and admonished, many have told me that they would rather have been punished and fed. Oh! what scenes I have witnessed in that watch-house!

“ In the days of glory of Lord C—— and H—— A——, we used to have such prime fun: the latter used to hoax fellows, and cut off the tail of their coats, or burn a curl of their wig, or fix them to their seat, or put a glass of hot water into their pocket; and then, again, he never would make an apology to any body, and he would fight a drayman, or a hackney coachman, as soon as a duke: that’s what I call a fellow who can play the game through; none of your half and half.

“ At that time, too, the ———

was in high health and high courage ; and he used to play a thousand pranks. He got little Tommy Tinkler, and pretended to make him a mason, and parboiled him in hot water, and froze him in cold, and pretended to make him ascend the temple of Solomon ; and when the poor devil cocked up his leg like a goose, some sprightly nobleman took him a lick across his bandy shins, and made him believe that he was breaking his wind by the ascent ; then he was conveyed dead drunk in a chair, thrown on a dunghill, and brought speechless to the watch-house. Next morning his doxy advertised him in the newspaper as a little bandy-legged black terrier, strayed from his mistress ; and there

was such rare sport about him: but he's now gone to grass with his teeth upwards; and poor H—— is popped off in a duel; and we have no such prime fellows now a-days.

“In my time, a young man of fashion was as generous as a prince; but now we have such a set of selfish, Greeking fellows; nothing but errant rips. Oh! the —— was a pretty lad then; he used to humbug a poor fellow by the name of ——, and send him to vote for some measure at the house, whilst he made love to madam; and he would think nothing of drinking a dozen of wine and a pail full of marasquino in a couple of days, and of sitting up at the *Je ne sais quoi* club all night, and then setting off to

a stag-hunt. But he hasn't the gift of the go now as he had. D—n it, I do like him dearly.

“ But,” added he, “ it is high time to depart ; for it is nearer noon than any thing else.” Thus taking his leave, he left the peer, who smoked another cigar, and threw himself for three hours on his bed. It is a glorious thing to change the operation of time and of the seasons. The rustic rises when the noble retires to his bed ; the mechanic sups when the man of fashion sits down to dinner ; the admirer of nature goes to the country in the spring, when the man of taste comes to town ; thus happily changing summer into winter, and day into night. For what do the sons of dissipation

want to know about carrots and cabbages growing, or the crops and harvests of the year?—Nothing but to bring the former to Covent-Garden and the latter to the hay and corn markets; or, if too distant for that, to draw the amount of the produce from their stewards, who seldom have good crops to report.

All a man of high life has to do in the country is to go down once a-year in the winter, when town and Brighton decline, to grumble, raise his rents, cut down avenues which silly ancestors placed to adorn their mansion, to hunt all day, and drink all night, or to sleep all day, and game all night with his house full of *sharps* or *flats*. The summer, again, is quite convenient for

long day: a man may take his morning ride at five in the afternoon, and visit a dozen of demireps before eight or nine o'clock, which is just the *decent* hour for dinner; and then a man can get rid of his servants, play what pranks he pleases, and walk home, by *broad* daylight, or have the fun of going with a knot of sparks to knock up an orderly fellow who was in his first sleep.

These gambols were, however, below Lord H.; but he is not less a son of light, and seldom burns a taper to light him to bed. Three P. M. struck, and Zephyr entered to awaken his master, and ordered the preparations necessary for breakfast. He was the

bearer of seven and twenty letters, the seals of none of which were broken, but those which bore the superscription of female hands; the rest appeared to be imitations, or tradesmens' letters; the former, Zephyr was ordered to peruse, and to set down the engagements in turn upon the list, or to make the secretary send apologies; the latter were tossed unopened into a drawer which contained about three hundred of the same description, and they all met with the same reception and notice. Thus might my lord, and many other lords, be called a man of *letters*, but not of *reading*; and thus it is, that so many unanswered applications are made to the great, the half

of this class carrying on their correspondence by deputy, and the other half carrying on none at all.

Amongst the scented epistles received this morning was one sealed with a black seal from a French countess, who had lost her favourite lap-dog, and one from an English dame of title, who had lost her money at play, and who solicited a loan: both were attended to, by sympathizing with the one, and by relieving the other.

After an ample breakfast, a beardless shaving, a long toilette, and interview with the Spanish secretary, duns put off, and mistresses written to, the attractive curricule was sent for, and the charger paraded to catch the incognita's eye at Kensington Gardens. The

train was dismissed, the hour of rendezvous arrived, the pulse of expectation beat high ; and my lord, jingling eighteen precious gems which hung to his watch-chain, hiding the miniature of the *chiquita*, and catching his glass with anxious eye, entered the garden door, and paraded the side alley appointed at the masquerade, and waited the arrival of the incognita, where we shall leave him until the next chapter.

CHAPTER III.



Aspetare non venire,
Star in letto non dormire,
Scruiare e non gradire,
Son tre cose da far morire.

WHAT can be more painful than expectation, heightened by uncertainty? Again and again did the peer pace the green alley; again and again did he point the perspective glass. Was she deceiving him? sporting with his passion? Had she forgotten the hour? or been hindered by some unforeseen event? Every now and then, again he was pestered by some acquaintance

in sight, from whom he was obliged to hide himself; then women arrived so unlike the fair incognita, and yet he mistook them at first for her. “Cuernas!” cried he, “this is worse than a *matin rendezvous*, or a midnight serenade in Spain.”

The incognita, at length, appeared, like the sun after a cloudy day. She was deeply veiled, agitated, distant, and irresolute. She informed his lordship, as it becomes every lady in such a situation to do, that merely the respect for her own word, a scrupulous adherence to truth, the inviolable performance of promise, brought her there; that she ought *not* to have gone to the masquerade; it was a foolish frolic, with the view of meeting him; she

had ten thousand times repented her imprudence, for which, perhaps, he who was the fatal cause thereof might blame her most. “No, by yon starry vault,” exclaimed my lord—it happened to be *broad day*, but the expression was got by heart, and suited all hours. She was unhappy, but she had self-control, full possession of herself; and she came to tell him that they must never meet again!!!

My lord, as it becomes every gentleman situated as he was, swore, protested, and reasoned, or rather attempted to reason. He assured her, as all men do in these cases, that he should be the *last* man in the world to avail himself of one unguarded word, to impute a doubtful conduct or mo-

tive to her, to surprise her into one instant's imprudence, or to plume himself upon any semblance of partiality, which a faithful knight, a *preux chevalier, sans peur et sans reproche*, might not respectfully accept, under the seal of honour, the inviolability of secrecy, the unquestionable silence of confidence.

This was very encouraging; but then, she urged her connexions, her situation, her unprotected state, dangers, remorse, the probability of change. This was combated, *as it always is*, by a solemn promise to *respect her in every thing*; to make *every thing* subservient to her safety and respectability, to assure her that he was at all times ready, with his life even, to justify

her conduct, and to *dare* reproach ; finally, to convince her that those who could not suspect her could not injure her ; and that those who did dare to suspect, or calumniate her, should be kept down by the system of terror.

A conclusive hint was *delicately* dropped, of the command which she might have over his fortune ; and a promise was obtained, not without doubt, fear, hesitation, trepidation, balancing, saying and unsaying, nay, even weeping, and suspended respiration, to allow his lordship to call upon her in the evening, at her own lodgings, provided he would come decently early, and unattended by equipage or

servants, and leave no suspicion at his calling.

All preliminaries being agreed on, they separated in the most tender and respectful form: he looked her out of sight; she kissed her hand to him in a very commanding, captivating style; and once waved her handkerchief, when turning the garden door.

Such demonstrations of affection are delightful to the lover; but if they are the effect of art, the practised, stage trick of intrigue or coquetry, they have no more merit, than the slight of hand of a juggler, or the trampative tricks of a hired itinerant tumbler.

Such were the fair incognita's manœuvres; but they passed for genuine

with the peer: he uncovered his brow, and thrice rubbed his forehead, *empty* token of delight! flew through the gardens, bestrode his Spanish charger, made the pebbles fly for half a mile, then mounted his curricule, and drove home at speed, to dress for dinner.

It would be endless to state the number of frail fair, from the countess to the abigail, who received vows of protection from him, on his way; they all looked up to their chief; and none looked up in vain. Poor snip and crispin, with a half hundred of handicraft slaves, suffered for the peer's magnificence, and murmured at the suffering beauties' relief. But who would compare a creditor to a mis-

tress ? a vile handicraft to an interesting and defenceless woman ?

He arrived at home, and gave the reins to his stud groom, vaulted from his car of triumph, and repaired to his dressing room. “ Who’s to dine with me to-day ? ” said the peer. “ How many covers ? Call the roll, Zephyr. ” — He read accordingly. “ Dinner ordered for twenty-four, three courses, and a dessert—a male party. *N.B.* Supper at night for twelve ladies. Bill of fare. ” “ Sink the bill of fare, ” said my lord. “ Call the Roll. ” “ Counts Ferdinand Feliz Emanuel Masquerandos, Bernardo Beatissimo Pedro de las Nevas, (Spaniards) ; il Signor Giovanni Enrico Muratore, Signor Cornutissimo de

Connovelli, (Italians); le Chevalier Castel Franco, (French from Gascony); Alpin M'Alpin, Yuer M'Yuer, Gregor M'Gregor, of Castle Gregor, Glen Gregor, and Duff Botheram M'Duff, formerly of Castle Duff, (cousins and Scotchmen); and, I believe," said Zephyr, in a saucy tone, "there's Colonel O'Blunder, and your lordship's usual establishment."

Just at this moment Col. O'Blunder arrived, little aware of Zephyr's impertinent remarks. "Here is the colonel," said Zephyr. "The very man I wanted," said the peer. "O'Blunder, I am glad to see you: you dine here of course." "Faith, I dine here pretty often," replied the colonel; "but I refused three engagements to be with

you to-day. I was afraid you'd be alone, and that you'd miss me; and I would'nt have that happen for the world. How many horses have you tired, and how many ladies have you visited in your morning round?" continued he. "Nonsense," said Lord Heathermount, self satisfied; "but do, colonel, take the newspaper and read to me, whilst I'm dressing; and then I have something particular to say to you, before we go down to dinner."

The colonel obeyed, for he was the great man's shade. On the subject of shades, there was a certain Irishman, who said, that he knew many half-pay officers who were hard pushed enough; that he himself had dined in a turnip

field, frequently twice a-week ; and feasted with Duke Humphrey often too ; but that he would rather exist upon bread and water, than surrender his independence to any man existing : to assent to every whim of a capricious patron, however high his rank ; to approve his vices, and to agree in all his strange opinions ; to learn to wait, and to bear the saucy looks of slaves, only differing from himself in livery, was what a man of spirit could not bear.

Not so with Colonel O'Blunder : although he has sufficient to support him like a gentleman, yet the gratification of being the arm companion of a peer, the pride of being stuck up in a curricule (although not his own) with

two grooms behind it; the sitting down to three courses and a dessert; and the advantage of quoting titled men in his conversation, repaid him for many an hour's attendance, for late hours, head-aches, loss of time, and for a complete surrender of his independence.—“ See what's in the paper,” said Lord H. The colonel took it up.

“ Read the paper to me, O'Blunder,” said Lord H. fatigued and disappointed from his morning's excursion, “ whilst I dress: sink politics and commonplace, the d——d *Habeas Corpus Suspension Act.*” “ Ogh !” says the colonel, “ *I'll be hanged* if I meddle with that; but here's a pretty business! Three fellows overturned and kilt!

One fellow however took leg; another run down a waggon-horse's mouth; whilst the third, *who was speechless*, alarmed the neighbourhood, and called for help for himself and friends, after cutting his knee in the most desperate manner. This is, indeed, the *ne plus ultra* of humbugging." "Nonsense," said Lord H. "pray read the article."

O'Blunder read: "A curricule adventure, in which a Mr. ——— saved his own life in rather a comical manner."

"This must be a hoax," observed the peer, "but who can this Mr. ——— be? Is it the son of the famous ———?" "Famous!" interrupted Colonel O'Blunder. "Yes, famous for drinking, wenching, swearing, gam-

bling, boxing, and drawing a long bow ; for being the offspring of a lord, who, when he talked of being *guardian of his own honour*, was felicitated on possessing a *sinecure place*. This curricule hero has been in India, come to town, spent four times as much as he ever had either in possession or perspective, figured at Long's whilst on a *day rule*, then got whitewashed for a round sum ; and there, probably (I mean in the Bench) met with the hoaxing colonel." " What ! the peer's brother, who *also* is lately whitewashed, and who threw over the man of the C——, and so many other creditors ?"

" I don't know," said the Colonel ; " but the —— used to be your great friend !" " Oh ! aye for a time," said

the peer, "so he was with Leg, nay with the late Duke of ———; but that was because he could drink very hard, and was an amusing fellow. One changes friends like these just as one changes a *coat*, made use of as long as it is in fashion." "Humph (quoth the colonel aside) that's a pretty broad hint, which don't quite *suit* me. How *easy* his friendships sit on him!"

"This fellow," concluded the peer, "has for a long time lived by his *wits*." "That's more than every man could do," observed O'Blunder. "Humph (quoth the peer in his turn), they say that he is now writing a book under the patronage of Sir ———; and, if these accidents don't finish him; if he is neither killed by a fall

from his horse, nor drowned by a leap over the cliff, doubtless we shall yet have him a leading man on town."

"*There's no fear of his being drowned,*" observed O'Blunder; "but let me proceed with the paper, or I shall not have finished by the time you are dressed."

The newspaper and the toilette nearly ending together, the peer and the colonel proceeded to dinner. All the guests were assembled; and the repast began.

To the foreigners Lord H. was particularly attentive, partly from a natural hospitality and good-nature, and partly from the triumph of displaying the number of languages which he could speak. We advise all young

noblemen who wish to pass for men of taste, and to show off before ordinary men, to keep an Italian, a Frenchman, and a Spaniard, or a German, if they prefer that country, and then, with about half a dozen phrases in each language, a man may pass for a traveller and a well informed man.

The foreigners *took* the lead, and *kept* it in garrulity. The poor northern cousins confined their exertions to monosyllables of assent, and to exclamations of praise, accompanied by an air of admiration and a broad grin; whilst the colonel told little stories to amuse the company, and made as many bulls intentionally, as by accident, in order to promote mirth, and to keep his patron laugh-

ing. Amongst other things, he swore that he had a servant in France (a countryman of his own), who had for some time missed bread, and once a tobacco stopper, and who being resolved to find out the thief, watched one night, and discovered a Bayonne rat, which had just made off with a shilling, and conveyed it safe to his hole.

Mick Raverty was an old campaigner, and held it as a rule to improve by any lesson which might be learned from an enemy, which, *soit dit en passant*, is no bad plan in the army, and in *ruses de guerre*. Mick accordingly helped himself the next day to a one pound note of the colonel's; and, when it was missed, he told the

story of the rat, saying,—"I have no doubt but it must be the d——d rat, for as he *tuck* a shilling from me yesterday morning, I suppose he's grown more desperate, and thought it fair to lay your honour under contribution for a whole pound to-day."

Mick did not recollect that a glittering shilling might attract the animal, but that a bit of paper would not have the same effect; nor that the rat could neither know the value of the pound note, nor devise any means of turning it to account. The colonel added, that when he made this observation to Mick, whose impudence was more than commensurate with his cunning, Mick had still a reserve to bring into action, and cried, "true,

your honour, I did not think of that : then I suppose, that as mounseer rat stole my tobacco-stopper last week, he has taken your honour's one pound note to light his pipe with."

This was such a laughable recover, and had so much brass in it, that the colonel good-naturedly dismissed him without having him punished ; and concluded by saying, that he never could bear the ratting system since, which produced bursts of applause from his lordship, and from the rest of the company.

After this, an animated discussion on politics took place, in which one of the foreigners made more blunders in English than the colonel himself, calling the *executive* the executioner,

alluding, perhaps, to the suspension of the Habeas Corpus act. The House of Commons he called the *common house*; and alluding to the Duke of Monmouth, in Charles the Second's time, the foreigner called him *momouse*, by which, the colonel pretending to take it for *Momus*, turned the laugh most amusingly against the self-sufficient foreigner.

A round of beauties now succeeded, which was proposed by the noble host, and went off with considerable eclat. The colonel observed that he had seen a *tall little girl* with coal-black eyes, in his lordship's curricule sometimes, who positively was the handsomest creature upon earth. Here, the complexions, features, and attractions of different na-

tions, with the peer's scientific remarks, occupied a full hour. The colours of hair was next the topic of conversation, when a silentious Scot ventured to say that he preferred *auburn* hair to a'other, it being the national colour. " *A'burnt* you mean," said the colonel, " for most of your ladies are as red as a carrot; but it's a fine colour for *raising a flame*, and your northern fair ones think so too, unless they are in the *wig* interest."—Another loud laugh.

The Chevalier D'Augencourt, a Frenchman, remarked, with the usual artful *appearance* of delicacy of his nation, that, *effectivement les Ecossaises avoient ordinairement les cheveux d'une couleur un peu HAZARDÉ*. This is

much like saying that a woman who squints most *determinedly*, *a quelque chose d'irregulier dans la vue*; or that one who is as crooked as a ram's horn, *a une petite ERREUR dans la taille*.

After the round of beauties, a round of statesmen was proposed, and the conversation turned upon public characters. Amongst others, the following were given; and their portraits then drawn.

THE DUKE OF DARLING. *York*


This duke is a good-hearted, worthy man, not wanting in courage or perseverance; but, unfortunately, confounding one important situation and duty with another, he has got his af-

fairs and conduct rather into confusion. Raised to the episcopacy, this illustrious prelate showed more devotion to the apron than to the mitre—more attachment to the *Holland robe* than to the *lawn sleeve*. Fond of the sports of the field, and of military manœuvres, he was a soldier on the turf, and a horse-racer on the field of battle.

He raised a Prussian *corps*, and then chose to serve in a *British one*; promoted a favourite clerk to the highest honours, and got thereby *superseded* himself; and having entrusted *military* secrets to his unfaithful servant, found the clerk not *civil* enough to keep them. Next, the duke not feeling desirous of his —— promotion; and, being commander ——, thought he had a right

to be *chief in command*, thereby being out of *all order*, and coming off second best in a *correspondence*, which had nearly produced a non-*intercourse* bill.

In his journies to Sutherland, he was not more judicious in the way which he took, and he found it an expensive concern. Carey Street next became his favourite road ; and it is now declared the safest way to York, if you stop at the "*hen and chickens*," instead of looking for the "*old duke's head*." He employed a clumsy smith for a little time ; but it was but a short and unsatisfactory job. It is now rumoured that he means to do every thing for himself, and to take church and state, turf and army, business into his own hands, with some old cocks and green



wood to assist him as agents, and to give strength to the ——. If he were to stick to *one* department, it is thought that he would do better, and less confusion might occur.

His *Prussian corps* is placed, with much dignity, on the *retired list*; his faithless clerk is dismissed the service with disgrace, but from delicacy, is allowed to receive half pay: the duty of the bed-chamber is carried on by deputy, and *sinecure* places are expected *very soon* by his female assistants.

In his person he wears extremely well, and in his pocket he wears extremely fast; he drinks and rides hard, and is well *mounted*, in stable and cellar, and in every other respect: his intentions are kind, but his mode of ex-

pressing them confused and hasty ; so much so, that if his tongue were clipped with his patronage, there would still be enough ; all parties would be satisfied, and his good meaning would be better understood.

Had the duke's promotion gone on in the church, there is little doubt but that he would have made a luminous ecclesiastic ; and, at all events, the clerical body would have been well represented. In the field he is brave ; and once, in single combat, shewed his complete contempt of danger ; but command is a difficult task, and experience cannot come self-created. As a lover, he has proved himself worthy of the rank which he bears ; for he has been a *general* lover ; and, if he has been un-

lucky in his choice, he has always showed perseverance in chusing again. He is a soldier's friend, however, and deserves the love of that army for the interests of which he has shewn so much zeal. Long may he, therefore, hold his elevated situation; and in the cabinet, on the turf, in the field of Venus, and on the harder plains of Mars, may he in future always come off victorious.

THE DUKE OF MARITIME.

The maxim so beautifully expressed in a song of Moore's,

“ The spirit that always is boldest in war,
Is the truest and firmest in love,”

does not always hold good, although we could wish it were otherwise. No

one, we believe, is braver than the illustrious Duke of M——, yet no one could more unkindly leave the long, kind, and faithful companion of his youth. Nothing could be more unlike a faithful knight of the days of chivalry than his false dereliction of a favourite, without even rendering the decline of her days affluent; nay, scarcely comfortable---so little so indeed, that she was forced to return to a profession, in which her eminence might have acquired a fortune, and where her attractions might have gained her an uncapricious protector, who, invariable in affection and in love, might have turned on her sun

—————“When it set,
The same look which *he* turn'd when it rose.”

It was lamentable, to a feeling heart, to behold the *tamed* romp -- the *no longer* spoilt child --- the *broken-hearted*, no *longer sportive*, little Pickle, decaying in the public eye, fading in the possession of her charms, driven from her tranquil bower of bliss, crowned with a withering wreath of fame, to seek support from exertions which she was no longer fitted for, and ultimately to fix her abode, and to take "the measure of an unmade grave," in a foreign land, where her scene closed, and where life's curtain dropped for ever.

If any thing was wanting to give an additional pang to her heart, to doubly sharpen the arrow which met her breast, it must have been, to have received

the wound from *that* hand, which ought to have protected her—the hand of the *father* of a numerous fine family: not to leave the shadow of excuse for this separation, nor to furnish her with self-blame, or respectful regret, for one so unkind, rendered the proceeding insupportable.

Since her death, previous to it, at, and before the separation, what was the conduct of this inconstant, who is really too old for juvenile infidelities, inexperienced errors, or thoughtless excesses; and who ought to be too elevated for unbecoming or interested condescensions? Why, he was ardously and anxiously seeking for a matrimonial alliance, derogatory to his rank, and unworthy of the blood which

he can boast. Here he was disappointed; and it is strongly suspected that this was not the only refusal which may furnish him with a wholesome lesson, to prove that dignity of conduct, elevation of mind, an unaltered person, and a *new* heart, are recommendations to a bride, far preferable to exalted birth, a multitude of titles, arms, liveries, horses and chariots, regal palaces, or heraldic legends.

The duke is also accused of some degree of severity in his naval capacity at his outset in life. This might have been attributed to youthful indiscretion, and to the early intoxication of power; but as his riper years proceeded onwards, it might have been

hoped that wisdom and temperance would have kept pace with him in his advancement in life.

One task yet remains; and it is to be hoped that it will be honourably fulfilled. It may mitigate his faults, diminish his late and unavailing regret, and afford something *like* comfort in his aged period—It is that of multiplying to his children the protection, the love, and the justice, which have unfortunately been withheld from their prematurely departed parent.

PRINCE MUSTACHIO.

What have we here, so whiskered and so Germanized? Is it any relation of our ————? Is this a

Briton? Yes, this prince, glorying in every thing unlike an Englishman, has set this quickset-hedge row over his lip to forbid a smile, to keep a stern guard over his courtesy, to create awe, and to repel his fellow-men. He has assumed the distant look, the air erect, as if he feared that his resemblance should commune with him. He has chosen a look, a tone, a manner, so dissimilar to his gracious brothers, that one could scarcely consider him as one of the family.

And yet we remember this mustachioed martinet, this haughty severe colonel, playing strange pranks in union with his brother in their youthful days; and there was a certain *Johnsonian* haunt as much resorted to as the Dic-

tionary of that name. But time, and misplaced confidence, and wounds, heaven knows how inflicted, and gloomy suicide with his walls, and foul suspicions, and ill-natured pamphlets, and distant looks of others, together with long residence abroad, unsocial turn, relations' frowns, the cares of wedlock (whose chains should sit easy on his bride), incumbrance, sameness, and want of popularity, have wrought such a change upon this prince, that he seems like a stranger at home, an innocent accused, or unconvicted trespasser—a something so unusual, and anti-anglican, that when a foreigner asks who he is, he must be astonished at being informed of his birth and parentage, his habits and education.

He does not smile like Prince ———, nor fill the festive chair, nor unbend and keep the table in a roar, nor advocate the poor man and the orphan's cause. Excepting his retinue, and his wife (and as man and wife are *said to be* one flesh, that difficulty is obviated), his existence is not *very* unlike what is so ably described by Arnaud, in his fable of the snail, which, concentrated in self, and carrying about all its little importance and dominion within its shell, withdraws at the slightest signal of alarm, and even on the approach of man: such, says Monsieur Arnaud, is the life: *de l'Egoïste et du Limaçon.*

THE D—— OF POLYANDRY.

The widow, who never could dry her tears *alone*, and whose lips are ever uttering the sound of “my poor dear departed husband!” says, as an excuse for remarrying, that a *lone* woman is so *unprotected*; or she was once so happy in wedlock, that she cannot bear a single life; or she has been so unfortunate in matrimony, that she puts into love’s lottery again, the chance being that after a blank may come a prize. In the like manner, a widow who has made a good wife to one man, is very likely to make a good one to a second.

But all these flimsy motives for a

polygamical turn, shallow and insufficient as they may be, offer no argument in favour of the D—— of P. unless one who has been a —— wife to one man, is a strong recommendation to another; or, that divorced partners or gallant brides are likely to turn out good articles, from their *experience* in matrimonial concerns, and their superior knowledge of mankind.

Her's can be no mean capacity which embraces so many objects in life, her's no contracted views which *greatly* aspire from the lover to the husband, and from the S—— to the R—— ———,---who can delight and captivate, first one brother and then another; which virtue, if con-

tinued and perpetuated, might circumvent a whole family.

The *profanum vulgus* is of opinion that comparisons are odious; but the *haut ton* tells us, that accomplishment argues a degree of experience, and that *experientia docet*. Thus, a dashing blade prefers a widow, or, still better, pitches on a divorced wife, expecting to gain by comparison, to rise superior to husbands in general. A girl of spirit too, takes a widower, because he must know how to *treat a wife*; or a divorced lord, because he must have *treated* many wives; nay, even the languishing tenant of a boarding school, whose mind is softly moulded for matrimonial alliance, wishes for a reformed rake, to fix a

roving bee, to attach an inconstant lover, because, forsooth, she must be quite different from the rest of her sex, or because her prize will be double from the envy of other women ; no calculation, however, is ever made of the *common* good, or the participation which may be expected.

Now, as to the envy of possession, it appears that the husband of the illustrious dame in question has no hopes of enjoying that triumph ; and, as for the *common* good, we should suppose, that that idea would be too republican and common to suit his taste. The only *refined* pleasure then that can be expected is, from the dictates of experience, and from love-lessons taught by an able and eminent professor.

It is worthy remark, that this illustrious family has a particular fate in its wives; and whilst one is rejected abroad, another is not received at home. The latter circumstance, however, must be owing to the bad taste of the *mama*, and of the British court: the other is owing to the bad taste of the *world in general*; for it never can be owing to the bad taste of the two husbands.

Young ladies and *liberal* brides are very fond of hearing their lovers and husbands sing “Come tell me, says Rosa,” because it demonstrates such changeful taste, such a *diversity* of talent, *which pleases every body*. We owe this refinement to the pen of Moore; and, we doubt not, (such is

the progress of *taste* and *science*) that we shall soon have an amatory ballad composed by the same tender bard, for the use of this lady, illustrative of her experimental philanthropy.

DUKE PETULANT.

After having made love to half the beauties of the court, this illustrious character couzened an elderly though very amiable ——— into an alliance; and they are now seen billing and cooing like a pair of turtle doves. It is the sincerest wish of every one that they may be happy; for they are two very worthy people; and the *em bon point* of his bride sets off his person mightily.

It is, however, to be hoped, that the husband will not show the same petulance which he did to a certain mayor and corporation, invited by him to a grand dinner, but put off, because, at a preceding feast, when King, Queen and Royal Family, had been drank with enthusiastic distinction, his highness was not honoured by *three times three*. What made this boyish hastiness and sulking the more exposing, was, that the *good* folks, who had counted on a *good* dinner, could not *stomach* this affront, and forced the young gentleman to explain, if not to *swallow* his words.

Now, if his highness be not cured of these whims, and inequalities of temper, his partner will be to be pitied;

and if she mutiny in turn, and insist upon the royal honours of *three times three*, the ——— will be very much put to his trumps, and will have to *put off* the lady as he did the corporation, without a satisfactory apology, and in a quarter, too, where apology is not quite so admissible, and where explanation will have no effect whatever.

It was rumoured, that the want of flattery on the part of the mayor stuck in his highness's stomach all night, and that he was actually troubled with *incubus* until he rose in the morning. It is, therefore, devoutly to be hoped, that no want of attention on his part may expose his illustrious consort to a like inconvenience.

THE DUKE OF DANGLE.

Blind Cupid plays some very roguish tricks with his votaries ; and, ungratefully forgetting the devotion of their youthful years, barbarously renders them ridiculous in the evening of life.

When the dowager survives every attraction, yet keeps alive love's flambeau, to render her broken charms and shattered graces more glaring, how wretched and unpitied she is ! How ill suited are the filmy eye, the withered lip, and the tremulous limb, for any of the offices of love ! Youth stands aghast at her ; affection flies her like a pestilence ; desire expires at her very breath. In like manner, the successful seducer of *other* days, the antiquated

Lothario, and hobbling Romeo, the purblind Orlando Furioso, deaf Damon, or palsied Thirsis, are more like *dying swine* than *sighing swains*, and cut a most despicable figure in the field of love, putting one in mind of *superannuated sinecurists*, who still *shake and totter* about *that* court where their former foul services were performed.

And yet, cruel Cupid gives to these wrinkled amateurs all the desire, without the power to please,—the arrow, without the point or feather,—the *bow* without a single *string* to it. Fain would they soar to high Olympus; and, imitating the gallantry of Jupiter, seek out some *Danae in a shower of gold*; but, even there, disappointment awaits

them: their *gold wants weight*, and disgusted Danae leaves them in despair, to fly to where

“There’s metal more attractive.”

Thus does the blind urchin avenge the injury of one lover on another,—the arts of seduction, by the seducer’s pangs. And thus it was with the late Duke of D——. A life dedicated to Venus, terminated by love’s unavailing pangs; and the once gay and cruel seducer lived to see another hoary-headed veteran preferred to him and to be discarded by the most worthless woman on whom he had set his heart.

After ruining one lady, seducing scores, attracting the attention of the most beautiful and enchanting sove-

reign of Europe, and basely wishing it to be thought that she bestowed illicit favours on him,—after ringing sensuality's changes on all the ranks, nations, casts, colours, denominations, and descriptions of beauties,—after indulging satiety till it produced diseased debility, did this fading Philander, this withering Adonis (for he once was such), set his surfeited and sickened heart on one light woman, without any beauty but elasticity to recommend her.

On madame —— did his *grace* bestow the rest and residue, the wreck and remnant of a *quondam* gay deceiver. He married from interested views, and got a large fortune by his wife; and he lived with her just long enough to

impair her health, and to make her wretched. Then placing his affection on the Italian sorceress, he literally broke his heart, because she left him to live with an old lord, who, too, in his *senectude*, thought proper to play juvenile tricks, to ape early indiscretions, and to close his career with this favourite, in a degraded state of reprobacy.

LADY IRBY.

The actress, who passes irreproachably through every scene of life amid the temptations and trials of the stage, has no small portion of perfection. The love of pleasure which a theatrical life excites, the bad example of the

majority of the profession, the inflammation of the passions, which the drama presents, added to the intoxication of applause, if by professional merit or personal charms she be entitled to it, require a vestal's delicacy, and a sage's understanding, to resist. There are, also, minor, but not less perilous, difficulties to surmount—poverty (for the most part) in the outset, the laxity of morals and principle around her, envy, slight, fatigue, and the importunity of reprobate coxcombs, on and off the stage.

If a tender female, gifted with becoming pride and exquisite sensibility, can wade, unsullied and uncontaminated, through this mire of corruption, preserving her purity immaculate, and

her dignity undebased, she must be a wonderful character indeed! Yet the present countess went through this arduous task with as universal and deserved applause as ever she performed any of the most celebrated parts which made her so great a favourite with dramatic critics.

In public and in private life there ever was a dignified consistence and propriety of no common cast in her. She possesses a most happy structure of mind and body, in both of which there is not only that elevation which places them above the vulgar level, but a healthy magnitude, and a calm serenity of expression, very seldom to be met with. In her personification of the woman of rank and fashion, on

or off the boards of a theatre, there is an ease which must have flowed from nature, a composure which must be the effect of good sense; and, in the most playful parts which she ever undertook, a sort of becoming gravity always seemed to preside over every action, look, and gesture, and to keep in check any intrusive frivolity. No woman ever possessed a command of eye more calculated to attract the philosopher, or to freeze the fop.

From all these endowments, Miss ——— was better calculated to play genteel comedy, than to represent characters in any other line of acting; and, accordingly, she was unequalled in *Lady Teazle*, because it is a faithful delineation of real life; and because,

amidst all Lady Teazle's temporary and assumed levities, grace and goodness of heart predominate.

That Lady I—— should have captivated her lord, is not in the least to be wondered at; but that he should have met with a reciprocity of feeling is marvellous indeed. It could not be from the *leading features* of his face, for he literally has not a *feature in it*: it could not be from the *countenance* he shewed her, for, to please, he should have done what many a suitor does—he should have worn the *mask*. It was by professions of friendship that he found favour in her sight; it was from delicate, assiduous, and respectful attentions, which express esteem in its most becoming garb, that

Lord I. must have approached the avenue of grateful regard; whilst the elevation to high rank, the holding a permanent, unfading situation in society, the protection which matrimony provides, a due regard for rational self-interest, and, in some measure, the consciousness that she could fill her exalted situation in a manner to reflect honour on herself, must have been her inducements for changing her condition, and accepting such a mass of ugliness for a husband.

At her *entree* at court, she was particularly noticed by the Queen, and this act of condescension does credit to both. She has now past through a great portion of the drama of life, with unimpeached correctness: the good-

ness of her head has always preserved those friends which the goodness of her heart produced; her mental qualities have given durability to the impressions which the attractions of her person created; and the love and esteem of Lord I's. former family are the most unequivocal proofs of her domestic virtues. Thus have the scenes of this world succeeded each other, and when life's awful curtain drops, she will, we hope, have been a respectable *performer* to the end.

THE LATE COUNTESS IRBY.

Alas! in the person of the late countess —, we cannot state what she *is*, but what she *was*; and, it is a stil

more painful task, because, in recording what she *was*, we naturally think on what she *might have been*. Formed to please, nature had made her, her favourite child ; and birth, temper, suavity of manners, light mirth, airy cheerfulness, loveliness of face, and kindness of disposition, enlisted every heart under her banners, and added daily new captives to her conquering smiles. Accustomed from her *too early* days to the incense of admiration, ever burning at the altar of beauty, to the delusion of flattery, which informs a delectable woman that the other sex are but the willing slaves who grace her triumphs ; that maddened eyes, expiring hearts, and captivated minds, are ever hanging on her approval ; that

thousands weep or smile, are grave or gay, according as the refulgence of her charms shines or lowers over them; in fine, that youth and attraction are irresistible; and that woman, lovely woman, is omnipotent! Such language, such homage, such adoration, early dazzled her intellectual sight, and lulled her reason into the torpor which intoxicated pride creates on the female brain.

To add grace to nature's masterpiece, to increase the witchery of captivity, to acquire hourly some fatal winning way, some new fascination, became her only care; and, like the tempting rose, she was so wooed by insects and by men, that she knew not on what hand to bestow her sweets, to

what heart to grant the triumph of wearing such an ornament. All this time, the poison was lurking in her veins, the overcoming, enervating destruction was stealing o'er her frame ; dangers and desires were kindling in every flame which her allurements raised, and were consuming that object from which its warmth arose.

Circles of fashion, courts, ball-rooms, and masquerades, are haunts fraught with ruin to the admired fair ; and to these she resorted—from these her pleasures sprung. In the promiscuous dance, the light and mazy display of well-turned limbs, the contiguous touch of warm hands, and the loose sighs of sick hearts ; the heaving of bosoms growing into maturity, and the

lassitude of youthful exertion, there dwells a pernicious risk more easy to conceive than mete to explain. In the plaintive, sighing sound of voluptuous music—the broken measure of the vocal art, the note that swells upon the fevered imagination, dies on the devoted soul, or ringing in the amazed ear, lives dearly in after remembrance: there exists a power sadly destructive to all human wisdom, alarmingly too potent for poor human frailty.

Under the immoral mask, or in the fanciful attire of the uncontrolled masquerade, how many a pernicious sentiment, how many a forbidden impulse, how many an incautious expression, bold word, and blush-inspiring avowal, have gained admission to the unguard-

ed youthful breast. And yet, to all these was this tottering angel exposed.

At this period, a proposal of marriage, as most suited in point of birth, and most flattering in point of fortune, was *forced* upon this unthinking fair, but repulsive beyond the power of portraiture in point of personal appearance. Wisdom would have said, refuse ; delicacy would have flown from the proffered embrace ; choice and inclination *did* shudder, but interest and obedience deliberated and balanced. On the brink of the precipice, the countess recoiled, refused, and communicated her aversion to her future lord ; but he still more persisted in his suit, and, wonderful to relate ! at length bore away the prize, which many a fond,

blooming youth, might have gloried in making his own.

What ensued? Could the rose twine round the nettle? Could the turtle-dove pair with a frog? Could light and darkness, Heaven and chaos, blend? We say chaos, because in the peer's countenance there is a chaos of ugliness, worse than the most infelicitous expression---an earthly mass of unformed meanness, a blot upon the face of nature.

The catastrophe we forbear to relate. She sunk into pining melancholy, heart-consuming sorrow, corroding care, fruitless tears and unavailing regret: her body weakened with her mind; her elasticity deserted her; at

last her very limbs refused to bear their once lovely load, and she sunk into the cold grave, forgotten and unesteemed.

But, shall her tears have flowed in vain? Shall her sighs have dwelt only upon the wings of air? Shall gnawing anguish, and wholly fruitless regret, have been entirely unavailing? Oh! no; forbid it, heaven— forbid it, sympathy— and forbid it, man. The tear of affliction has not dropped upon a sterile land: the poor whom you have succoured, the frail females for whom you have felt, the objects of your charity, and the witnesses of your sufferings, shall send up many a fervent wish for you: your sad example shall warn many a thoughtless heart; and even

your former work remains your service
 yours, and your most ardent wishes
 shall turn to pity and comfort:

"Be firm, your suffering would not last
 long."

LONG FURTHERING.

We thought a good deal of —
 — — — — but the
 long pole is but a walking stick to the
 magical wand of old Huckleberry,
 the planter, who can fill so many
 places, attend so many persons' con-
 cerns, give advice to so many people,
 write so many good things, & act badly
 (which must be a body politic, for if
 only a body corporata, it would hurt),

reconcile such contradictions, and represent so many various things.

Argus's eyes, Proteus's forms, the hydra's heads, were all jokes to this: a fellow would require head enough for a nation to perform all the duties of this man's multitudinous offices; and as for tails, no estate intail could be safe whilst *one* man is a dozen of clerks in his own person, has a bag, out of which, doubtless he *can let the cat* when he pleases (perhaps another *green or blue bag*), keeps idiots and lunatics, makes *patent* bankrupts, and has a reversionary place, pension, and dignity, by the *virtue* of which he can put the whole into Chancery. And then, moreover, the gentleman is a

judge—a pretty good judge he must be of things in general, to have so many good things himself; and he sits in the House of *Peers*, where he can have *no peer*.

Now, if all these *concerns* are to be attended to, what can he do? And if they are sinecures, what is to become of the bag whilst he is on the bench? And what is to become of the lunatics and idiots whilst he is in the House of Peers? or of the peers when he is attending to the idiots and lunatics? And then, when he is clerking it in his *divers offices*, may not the bag be made an ill use of, or the other concerns be grossly neglected? Might not a man too, in his haste or confusion, sign a frank for a warrant of com-

mitment, and a warrant for a frank, and find himself in the wrong bag, or the wrong box? And might he not put a lunatic into Chancery, or a Chancellor into Bedlam, and give *judgment* where he ought to give *bread*, and take and give *bread without judgment*?

Whilst I was making these queries to myself, a friend came in, and informed me that I was in the *wrong book*; that the article alluded to the *late* lord, an *upright* judge, a great sinecurist, and who managed all these things capitally; that the present lord was no *judge at all*, not even a *puny* one; but that he was *thought* a judge of ladies; that he had never made but one *mis-take* in his life; and

that was not *taken* much *amiss* to wit, (no great wit himself though) his *taking* a *miss* off the stage, and making a right honourable lady of her.

It is sincerely to be hoped, that the *petty bag* will have no bad consequences, and that no idiots or lunatics may get into the house ; that my lord's office may not be a sinecure, nor done per clerk, deputy, or commission ; that the *pluralist's* family may be *singularly* happy ; that the *singularly* fortunate lady may be *plural* in due time and place ; and that the ——— may never be troubled on the subject—*ainsi soit il!*

After the discussion on public characters, the peer gave a private signal to Colonel O'Blunder to take the

chair, which was obeyed accordingly ; and the health of the right honourable chairman, who had just left the room, was proposed and acceded to with enthusiasm. Sufficient noise was made to convey the accents of eulogy to his ears during his retreat ; and nothing in the way of cheering, knocking the table, or other expression of respect, was omitted. One of the Italians spoke an impromptu on the occasion ; for although he called himself a *Nobile di Venezia*, he was an improvisator, and an author by profession ; and he *kindly* taught a very few of the nobility at treble the price of a common master, and received presents weekly from my lord, for repeating his verses to him.

In the course of the improviso, Lord

Heathermount was compared to Jupiter; and the amours of the thundering deity were made a parallel to those of his lordship. Something very *novel* was *delicately* hinted about *Europa*, and made symbolical to my lord's travelling all over *Europe* to benefit and succour the fair. This beat Jupiter hollow, but was spoiled by an awkward pun of the colonel's, who exclaimed, "A bull! a bull! by the hill of Howth!!!"

Don Masquerandos, more gravely, and in prose, delivered a panegyric on his patron, in which he compared him to Apollo, to the enlivening and cheering orb of day, giving life and action, patronage and support, to the arts and sciences, and to merit in every

walk of life. Not a soul, but the Spaniards, understood this harangue; but it was rapturously received by the *non intelligents*, and was *encored* by the colonel, and called for in consequence in *full* cry by the rest of the party. It may be here well to state that Don Masquerandos is a speculator, who expects to make his fortune in England under the auspices of his right honourable patron.

Monsieur Castel Franco, (who has, under the auspices of the nobleman in question, invented a love powder of most powerful effect, but which, for fear of preventing his patent, cannot be named here) began to feel the volatility of his country, and the agency of the Champagne, act powerfully on

his brain ; and he, in common with his French companions, leaped upon the table, destroyed no small quantity of glasses and decanters, and proposed that the other gentlemen should *monter à l'assaut* after him, and thus, gaily, drink their general's health.

The colonel did not, however, relish *breaking up* in this manner, and negatived the motion, begging that this *excess of spirit should be put down*, whilst the Scotch *reserve* *vara* much disapproved of such *conduct*, which was not at all *discreet*; besides the damage done to my lord's property. But, not to be outdone in *devotion* to their chief, they proposed drinking his health in tumblers upon their *knees*. This was agreed to *nem. con.* and by

this time they were almost all *tumblers*.

The party then dispersed, having begun with a *set to*, and ended with a *reel*. Two gentlemen were put to bed in the house; one was picked up by the watchman in the gutter; one *broke* his nose; another *broke* the lamps; the colonel *broke* the peace, and thus *broke up* the party. Much wine was consumed; twenty pounds worth of glass and chrystal demolished; a sofa cover entirely spoiled; and a few articles of plate were found deficient at the close of the scene. This loss was attributed by the servants to a parcel of foreign adventurers, who were complete *chevaliers d'industrie*, and eat my lord up. The company consi-

dered this deficit as owing to the dexterity of some of the livery tribe: the porter threw it upon the cook; the cook laid it and other *heavier* charges at the porter's door; some thought it was the maid; some suspected the magpie; others glanced suspicion at a new serving man; whilst Zephyr blamed the monkey: then, again, it might be a rat; for Heathermount House was like the Ark--there were pairs of all sorts in it.

Whilst all this disorder was going on, the peer went, with the greatest possible *empressement*, to the lodgings of the fair incognita. He knocked a considerable time: at length, an old woman looked out of the window, made some very

significant motions, and intimated that she would come down in a few minutes. "This must be the duenna," cried the peer: "this is the signal of victory---we shall have nothing but the countersign to give, and the place is our's. It was *not* so: the old woman came down, chid his lordship for knocking so often, read a lecture on impatience, assured him that he was the only man who ever called at her mistress's door, and then coolly informed him that my lady had left her lodgings, and that she had despatched a page with a letter to his lordship, to explain the whole matter.

In vain was my lord urgent to know her *real* name, her condition, her mo-

tive for thus disappointing him, her reasons for quitting her lodgings. Gold and entreaties were both received, but no value given for either; and the lover had to return home quite disconsolate. On his arrival, he enquired for the letter: none had come. He conceived himself hoaxed. The only answer the duenna had made, was, that her mistress was a woman of high quality, and that she had her *reasons* for every thing which she did.

Lord H. was disposed to retire to his room; but then the ladies who were engaged to supper—he must face them: where was the colonel (his *lance aid-de-camp*)? Zephyr hinted that he had retired in a shocking state.

What a shame ! The Spanish secretary, two singers, and two buffoons, were sent for to assist in amusing the company.

The sentimental letter *had* in reality arrived ; but gentle Zephyr always held it as a rule, not to mar the present by the future perspective, nor the *moment* of enjoyment by *past* reflection. He accordingly pocketed the incognita's letter, and kept it for dressing-time the next day, when he was prepared to swear lustily, if necessary, that it had only *just* arrived.

Lord H. had his circle of beauties to meet. He was not much inclined ; but inclination, like smiles and good-humour, can be *forced* with people of

fashion ; and, like the forced productions of Flora, they only differ in purity, in healthfulness, and in bloom, from nature's fair original. Still, there is a faint, a gaudy, a heated, and spurious resemblance, which may easily impose upon a vulgar eye.

CHAPTER IV.



————— I am not merry ;
But I do beguile the thing I am, by seeming so.

THUS might the lord have said ; for he felt it. He, however, rubbed his head, and *faced* the republic of women. It was a shame that the colonel had got so drunk, and was not there to assist him. Great men frequently select a man of stomach and of lungs, to take the weight of the bottle off their hands, to make laughter for their guests, to keep strong heads in check, and to praise their own stale jokes. Some-

times they are useful in more serious concerns.

There is a certain foreign-looking, proud, and sickly marquis, whose tiffany constitution cannot face his constituents. He, in consequence, hired an Hibernian, with a Stentorian voice, and who could *stomach* any thing, to harangue the *vulgus*, and to drink with the voters. The Irishman had a good deal of humour, and more impudence; and, by the third bottle, the independent electors could *swallow* any thing that came from the popular orator.

It may be asked why the peer did not take a Scotchman for his mouth-piece. Because Sandy is too slow and cautious. He may have a little *touch* of humour *at his fingers' ends*; but he

would have made a *bad hand* of it, in *scraping acquaintance* with the voters; whereas, Pat was *hand and glove* with them in a minute.

Lord Heathermount now entered the saloon, and supper was served up immediately. The apartments were superbly lighted up, and the hospitable board afforded every delicacy and expensive viand that the season, aided by art, could produce. Alas! poor wine-merchant and confectioner! Soft music added to the pleasures of the table, and sparkling wine lent illusions to love, which otherwise would not have existed; the languid eye of pallid satiety began to beam, and the wan cheek of dissipation assumed a rosy hue.

Then who'd be grave,
Since wine can save
The heaviest soul from sinking?
And magic grapes
Give angel's shapes
To ev'ry girl we're drinking?

One of the professional men was now called upon for his song : he gave the old savoyard air :

La Violette, &c.

TRANSLATION.

The fragrant vi'let emblem is of youth :
In *spring alone* we pluck the lovely treasure.
Ye blooming maidens, learn this simple truth,
The spring of life the season is for pleasure.

The song and the sentiment were received with rapturous applause, although a few autumnal beauties bit their lips. The saucy Frenchman per-

ceiving this, swore it was a forfeit, and set all right, by saluting the elderly ladies first, and then going round to the younger ones. This happy device met with great approbation ; and at this moment the drunken colonel entered the room, half recovered, and exclaimed : “ Ah ! ah !—a *general salute*. Present arms.” So stretching out his to the oldest lady in company, he went round the ring as the foreigner, the peer, et cetera, had done before him.

“ Where the devil have you been ?” said the peer to the colonel. “ What a shame to leave me thus !” “ I have been in the watchhouse ; and as for the shame, I can tell you a much greater shame of myself. I broke into an old dowager’s house, mistaking her

for another lady, and frightened the poor creature into fits: I was handed over to the police, but the *owld* gentlewoman, upon finding out that I was an army man, ordered my release; adding that I should hear from her to-morrow.” “Swear that you are desperately in love with her,” said the peer. “That I will certainly do,” replied O’Blunder; “but ’tis her lawyer I’m most afraid of. I’m so apt to make those mistakes: ’tother day I could have sworn that I met Pat Fagarty: he thought it was me, and I thought it was him; but, upon comparing notes, faith, it was neither of us.”—A loud laugh.

A perpetual spring to liberty and love was now given as a toast, by the

right honourable chairman, and drank with acclamation, followed by

When did Phœbus ever break,
And find such beaming eyes awake,
As those that sparkle here ?

“ More !” cried the colonel. “ More what ?” echoed from every voice. “ Why, more wine if you like it ; but I meant Moor the poet.”—Another loud laugh.

The party now prepared to depart ; and the colonel selected the most faded beauty to conduct home, as he knew that she would be most grateful, and that thus his patron would also be pleased. When all had retired, the peer threw himself into his bed ; and after a short sleep, rose, and was greeted by

the long-expected letter, which run as follows :

“ My lord,

“ When a woman so far forgets what she owes to herself, as to put herself in the power of one of the other sex, she has no right to assume the tone of reproach. Upbraiding, ill-becomes imprudence ; and anger is, at all times, but a poor resource where self-disapprobation is the cause. I have merited, my lord, the light and offensive proposals which you made me---doubly merited them ; first, for a blind attachment ; and next, because I, who could not respect myself, had no claim to consideration from another. I have been like the moth fluttering round the taper ; have felt the scorching, insupport-

able heat thereof, and withdrew from time to time from the well-known danger ; yet, dazzled, attracted, fond of its blaze, have again exposed myself to ruin.

“ For a considerable time, I have followed your fortunes, wishing to share them : impelled by an irresistible something, I have watched your *every* action ; I have shuddered at every rival, and constantly apprehended your change of condition. I was, for a while, vain enough to think that a mutuality of feeling might have existed between us, and that proposals of a very different complexion from those with which you have offended my ear, might have been made. There I was mistaken ; there my pride was justly

humbled and punished. I blush not *now* to make this avowal: I even owe it to myself, lest you should think me more criminal than I really am. Besides, as I have removed beyond the power of discovery, I cannot be thought to have acted from self-interested or ambitious motives. Suffice it to say, that I cannot be your's on the degrading terms which you boldly proposed. My family is noble; and, were I to lose sight of propriety and virtue, I should thereby expose that life which has hitherto been too dear to me. I must now——”

An interruption here occurred.---
Zephyr. “My lord, the artists whom you appointed are all in waiting.”

“D---n the artists, the arts and sciences, and all art but the art of love.”

Zephyr. “My lord, the doctor wants to speak to you.” “D---n the doctor and all physic: throw physic to the dogs; I’ll none of it.” Zephyr. “All

the Spanish ladies are come to town: they could no longer bear your absence.”

“Tell them that I am very ill; not up; shall not be visible for three hours.”

Zephyr. “My lord, money is wanting.” “I have none; leave me; pray leave me.” He then resumed his perusal of the letter.

“I must now, my lord, bid you adieu. Guardian spirits ever hover o’er your safety. Adieu.

“P. S. You may leave a line with

the old woman, just to say that you do not despise me. That's all I wish. Once more, adieu, my dear James !!!”

Here the monkey made an intolerable noise: my lord knocked him down with his slipper: “So perish all my foes!” and he paced up and down the room in a hurried step, pressing the billet to his lips, and uttering: “My dear James,” again and again. General Jacko recovered his legs, and leaping on the table, began to scribble, as if he was answering the letter, every now and then looking terrified at the peer, and making tremendous faces at him. Lord H. rung the bell: “Remove this animal,” cried he: so the offender was marched off prisoner, by a

whiskered Spaniard, and my lord continued his peripatetic reveries.

What an interesting creature must the incognita be! and, doubtless, as handsome as a divinity; for what he *had* seen promised well, and what she had concealed was still more interesting (no bad hint to certain ladies who keep nothing hidden from their admirers.) Then again, what attachment! how madly enamoured! how delicate! how justly offended! a woman of high birth, too! What was to be done? She was perhaps beyond his reach *for ever!* cruel word! but the duenna was not incorruptible; gold might operate there—this was his only consolation.

If regained again, what was to be done? He had vowed never to marry; yet he had injured this interesting woman; he had destroyed her peace of mind. Reparation is noble; yet how to make it---what a pill is wedlock to swallow! besides, so many things must be ascertained; first, she was probably equal to him in rank; but then, how quit the gay and giddy scene in which he moved? How break half-a-dozen hearts by desertion; and how provide for a score of female appendages to his consequence, unless his future bride had an ample fortune? The woods must groan under the axe for it; the tenant must be distressed, his goods perhaps distrained. For the

former he cared not, but the latter went to his heart.

Then a sad remembrance came across his mind. He rung the bell, and gave Zephyr to understand that he would see the ladies who had arrived, in their turns ; for he wanted dissipation, and to fly from self. The proposal of marriage then again came across his brain. All that he could decide upon was, that he would write the most romantic epistle that ever furious and dissipated love had dictated ; the ardour of his flame should scorch the very paper ; it should be scented so highly, that, like the spice islands, it should be smelt at leagues distance, so that the incognita should perceive that *something*

was in the wind, that something *sweet* approached her, ere it met her eye.

All this was resolved upon, when he heard the clattering of wheels, and saw a chaise and four drive up to his door. Could it be more mistresses? Surely not. “Not at home, Zephyr,” said my lord. Zephyr returned, and reported that it was Lord Leg, who was arrived express from Brighton with despatches from that illustrious patron, the Grand Signor. At that respected name every door flew open, and Lord Leg was announced. “Why, what the hell, Heathermount, have you been about? The Prince is quite uneasy concerning you. Have you been on a trip to the moon, or a journey to the Island of *Sky*, the County of *Air*, or

some of your remote *outlandish* possessions? Upon my life the whole Steyne is up about you; and the general opinion is, that you have ran off with an heiress. Well, my boy, how much blunt? How many thousands down on the nail? I suppose your draft would be as good as a Henry Hase now. You might help a body with a marketable bit of paper, which one could discount in five minutes."

"Oh! stuff and nonsense, my dear lord; all idle talk. But what about our patron?" "Why, he is going to give the grandest fête that ever was known, and you must be of the party. It is to be called an *ambigu*: first a dinner *à la militaire*: every man is to be in uniform, and decorated with all his

orders. I, myself, have entered a volunteer corps, purposely to conform to the *costume*, and have ordered a pair of scarlet embroidered pantaloons, and red morocco boots: the attendants are to be all sumptuously habited as Turks, Tartars, Cossacks, Calmucs, and Huzzards; the arch-patron is to wear the dress of Henry the Eighth—a point lace ruff. All his orders in diamonds, he'll be a blaze of magnificence. Bless his jolly heart! he'll look like a star! and all the wives of the polygamical — are to be represented by the dresses of the handsomest women at court.”

“Cuernas!” cried my lord, “how beautiful! What exquisite fancy!”
“One hundred musicians,” continued

Lord Leg, "all military bands, are to enliven the scene." "Grand!" "There is to be waltzing, bolero, and fandango dancing." "Sublime!" "Vocal performers, concealed in a grove, to warble during supper." "Melifluous!" "The whole to conclude with a reception of masks, by which means one can bring in a friend; and there will be a good deal of mirth and glee."

"Stupendous!" exclaimed Lord Heathermount: "the supper will cost a fortune." "Prime!" "Duke ——— is to be represented in the centre of the table in *puff* paste, placed on a huge plateau of massy gold." "Unique!" "Buonaparte is to be displayed seated on a rock at St. Helena in cream." "I'll swallow him, by

St. George," cried the peer. "Oh! you milk-sop," answered Lord Leg. "Then, again, all the Bourbons are to be displayed in a huge cake!" "Good, by jove!" "And the allies in a trifle." "Sterling!" said Lord H. "Then Montblanc is to be made of whipped syllabub; and Faith, Hope, and Charity, are to appear in ice." "Perfect!" "A regiment of cuirassiers, and one of lancers, are to be opposed to each other in chrystalized sugar." "Sweet!" "Crescents and colours are to be round the table--- plenty of *crescents* and *high* colours, no doubt. In short, I do not know what is not to be there, and I am sent to summon your attendance."

"By all the powers, I'll be there!"

said the peer ; “ but when is it ? ”
“ To-morrow.” “ Fine ! ” “ I must now
be off for ———, I forgot, I must
order the fire-works. We are to
have fire-works also.” “ Glorious,
by the god of war ! ” exclaimed lord
H. “ how I love to smell powder ! ”
“ Oh ! again, I am going to order
entire new furniture for the occasion.”
“ Right, for one hates to see any *old*
furniture at a banquet or a mas-
querade.” “ Except to laugh at,”
added Lord Leg. “ Apropos, Lord C.
the old ——— is to be dressed like a
child in leading strings.” “ Admirable ! ”
“ The admiral is to represent a mer-
maid.” “ Ridiculous ! ” “ Sir C. H.
an old fortune teller.” “ Excellent ! ”
“ Sir B. B. a female servant of all

Very Warm

work (not *amiss* you'll allow) ; and Sir —— as a mile stone." " On the road to promotion, I suppose." " My dear lord, I owe you one for that."——A laugh of great length and audibility.

Lord Leg now withdrew, and left his friend to prepare for his journey. Whilst in the act of so doing, a number of reflections came into his head ; for the giddy thoughts of the fanciful feast had now nearly evaporated, and the fair incognita resumed her position in his brain. Lord Leg had let fall something which was very *interesting* : it was reported that the peer had eloped with an heiress ; and who knew whether the fair incognita might not be an heiress. One, two, or three

hundred thousand, perhaps, might be got by the alliance ; it was worth thinking about ; how much good might be done in the north ; how many artists and dependents might be paid off ; how well the *legion of honor*, we mean the legion of ladies, might be provided for ; how the family establishment might be increased, and rendered still more superb ! Aye, but here a cloud came across the remembrance, at which the heart sickened : it must be dispelled.

“ Call the ladies,” said my lord. They came in rotation, were embraced, received presents, and were taken leave of, for three days only. “ Has nobody called this morning ?” said he to Zephyr. “ Yes, my lord, the colonel

is just come in." " Lucky !" exclaimed my lord. " I will get him to amuse some of my fair friends, who are in low spirits at my departure. Don't cry, *Chiquita*: I shall only be three days." "*C'est un eternité pour l'amour*," answered she. " Exquisite! — You shall have a new suit of pearls from Rundel and Bridge's for that, and I'll go and make out the order for it."

Enter the colonel. " My dear O'Blunder, do tell some of your merry tales to *Chiquita*, and put her in spirits." — " Faith, and that I will," replied the colonel: " but I must have an audience of you, to know how to act with the owld lady, in whose dwelling I kicked up such a row last night, and from whom I have just received a

most curious epistle.” “ I’ll be back in two minutes,” said lord H. “ and then I’ll hear your story.” He returned accordingly with the order for the pearls, which was delivered to Chiquita, whose tears were quite dried up ; and he now sat down to hear the colonel’s story.

“ First, and foremost, I must tell you,” said the latter, “ that I am in a *mis-take* about the lady : she is not a dowager, or an old widow, as I at first thought, but an antiquated maid.”

“ The devil !” interrupted my lord.

“ No, not the devil, but an owld maid, and that’s bad enough. Her original name was *Tight* ; but she changed it, (she was right, said the peer) for *Grubem*, for a fortune left her by a

half uncle, *owld* Grubem. She's worth (I am told) thirty thousand pounds."

" Good !" " Yes, if a body had any chance of getting it : she is now forty-nine, besides what she has forgotten ; and was seven times on the point of being married ; first to an actor, next to her dancing master, then to a French emigrant adventurer, to a Scotch Presbyterian parson, to a navy captain, to a Prussian count, and to a notorious gambler ; but some how or other the match was always broken off : her temper frightened away some of these ; and the rest, I suppose, were not men to her mind : in a word, she has been an old maid without suitors for this last ten years ; she beats her maids, and discharges her footman weekly,

quarrels with her tradesmen, starves her stomach, squanders in dress, keeps a parrot, a monkey, a paralytic lap-dog, pigeons, singing birds, a Methodist parson, and a dozen of cats." "The Methodist parson is the worst of all," interrupted my lord. "Well, and that's all I know about her; but here's her letter, which will speak for itself." Lord H. took it up, and read :

"TO COLONEL O'BLUNDER, &c. &c.

"Sir,

"Your entering my premises in the unceremonious way which you did, and forcing your passage to my apartment, *ilconveninced* me extremely, and has cost me a fit of sickness. Unprotected

women are not thus to be taken by storm, like a fortification or a bull-work, and that at the dead hour of the night. I wonder what you could have seen in me to warrant such conduct." ("She may say that," cried Paddy)

"If my stupid fellow had known his duty, you would not have been let in; but that's neither here nor there. The matter now stands thus. My reputation is injured by your gross behaviour. Take me, indeed, for what I am not, is preposterous, and proves that you yourself are no better than you should be. Why the whole neighbourhood has it that Miss Grubem let in an *Irishman* at two o'clock in the morning. ("Eh, feckins! a

pretty tale to be told upon me.") If I hadn't seen that you was a gentleman every inch of you, by your appearance, I would have kept you in prison, and then have sent you to *Botomy Bay*. I sent to poor dear Mr. Preachard, the Reverend I ought to have said ; but he has had a *hapaplixie* fit, or a *parrylitick* stroke, (" a lucky stroke for you," said the peer;) and I fear it will go hard with him. You must, therefore, on *resit* of this call upon my lawyer, Mr. Jonathan Quibble, of Crooked-lane, and consult how my reputation is to be repaired by a public *epilogue* in the newspaper, or some *notorious* means of *prostitution* in a court of law or equity. This I am sure you are prepared for as a man

of *honor*, so no more at present from
your humble servant,

RACHEL TIGHT GRUBEM.

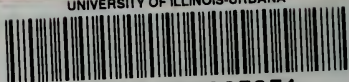
Excuse my *flustration*, which makes
this scarcely *ligible*.

At this moment the travelling carriage drove up to the door, and Lord H. hastily advised his friend to avoid the lawyer, to call personally, and to report progress in a letter to Brighton, or to come down in person, and that he would prepare a room for him.

END OF VOL. II.



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